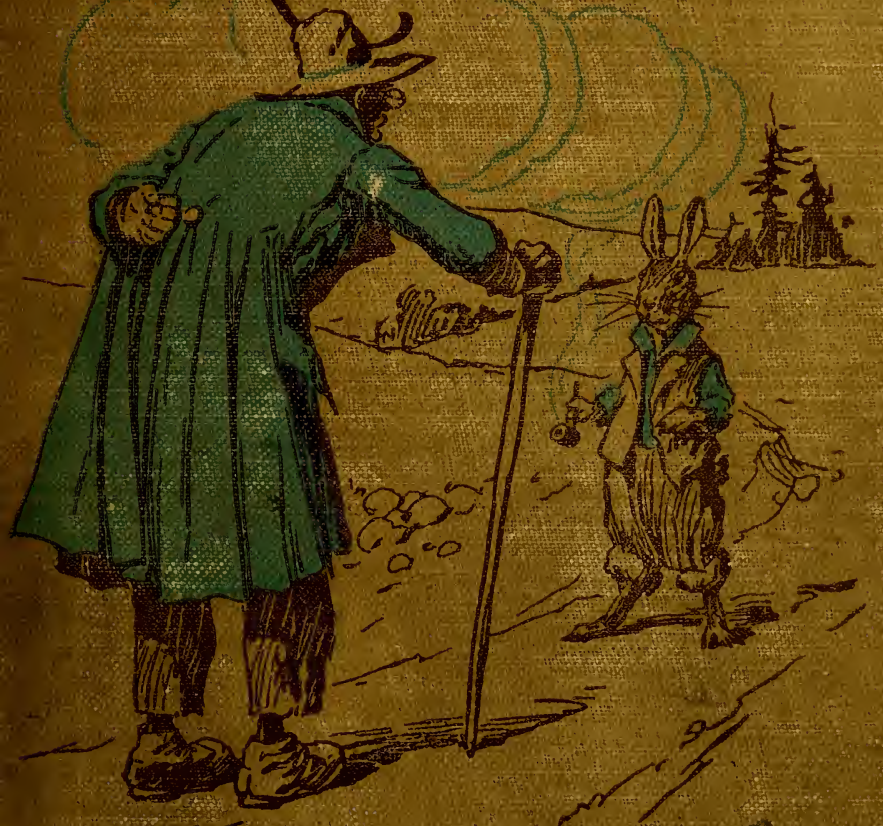
Uncle Remus Returns



Joel Chandler Harris

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TALES OF THE HOME FOLKS IN PEACE AND WAR. Illustrated.

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Uncle Remus Returns

"BRER RABBIT AX 'IM EF HE 'LL DO ER FAVOR FER ONÈ ER HIS OL' TIME FRIEN'S" (*page* 37)

JH
Harris

UNCLE REMUS RETURNS

B40

By

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST &
J. M. CONDÉ

BOSTON & NEW YORK
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PREFACE

THE *stories included in this volume appeared during* 1905–06 *in the* METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. *They are told by Uncle Remus, but the little boy who listens to them is the son of the "little boy" of the early volumes. He is visiting his grandmother ("Miss Sally") on the plantation where his father grew up, and, in his turn, has become the devoted follower of the old darkey. It was the intention of the author to continue this series and to gather the stories eventually into a fifth volume of* UNCLE REMUS *tales. But his editorial duties on the* UNCLE REMUS MAGAZINE *absorbed most of the energy of his last two years and the projected volume was not completed.*

It seemed a pity that these delightful tales from the lips of the children's dear old friend

807462

Preface

Uncle Remus should lie forgotten between the pages of a magazine, so they have been brought together in company with some character sketches of the old man who recounted them. The brief, but vivid and amusing glimpses of Uncle Remus's personality contained in the latter, may serve as a slight but suggestive background for the tales themselves, and thus afford a touch of realism to the fantastic legends so dear to the hearts of primitive people.

May the friends of Uncle Remus, old and young, find something of the familiar humor and charm in the stories thus presented, for they are indeed Uncle Remus's "Farewell Tales"!

JULIA COLLIER HARRIS

March, 1918

CONTENTS

Brother Rabbit's Bear Hunt . . . 1
Impty-Umpty and the Blacksmith . . 26
Taily-po 52
Brother Rabbit, Brother Fox, and Two Fat Pullets 79
How Brother Rabbit brought Family Trouble on Brother Fox 103
The Most Beautiful Bird in the World . 127
Uncle Remus falls a Victim to the Mumps 148
Uncle Remus's Views on Church Collections 158
Uncle Remus's Political Theories . . 166
Uncle Remus discusses the True Inwardness of the Mule 170
Uncle Remus talks of Hard Times and "Sunshine Niggers" 173

ILLUSTRATIONS

"Brer Rabbit ax 'im ef he'll do er favor fer one er his ol' time frien's" Frontispiece
From a drawing by A. B. Frost

"Ol' Brer B'ar wuz a-comin' like a pot a-bilin'" 24
From a drawing by J. M. Condé

"Ol' Brer Rabbit peepin' thoo a crack" 44
From a drawing by A. B. Frost

"He grabbed it by de back er de neck an' soused it in de box" 48
From a drawing by A. B. Frost

"Rise, skin, rise" 68
From a drawing by A. B. Frost

"You better come on back here an' he'p me wid deze chillun er yone" . . . 94
From a drawing by J. M. Condé

"'Twuz e'en about all he kin do fer ter keep Brer Fox fum ketchin' 'im" . . 124
From a drawing by J. M. Condé

"Ef he say de buzzard is de purtiest, dat's de way it got ter be" 138
From a drawing by J. M. Condé

UNCLE REMUS RETURNS

BROTHER RABBIT'S BEAR HUNT

THE little boy had, naturally, a good deal of the simple faith that is one of the most beautiful characteristics of childhood, but his training had been to some extent along the lines marked out in certain periodicals that contain departments in which mothers are instructed how to deal with children, and in which sage advice is given by young men and young women, under names not their own, as to the training of youngsters.

Young as he was, the little boy had been denied pretty much all the romance that belongs to childhood; for him the beautiful story of Santa Claus, with all the associa-

tions that belong thereto, had been shattered. The grandmother deplored it, and wept over it during the long watches of the night — but you know about these grandmothers, with their antiquated ideas and their old-fashioned notions. The mother had been caught in the net laid for the ignorant, by so-called scientists, and she regarded her own views (which were far from being her own) as of the utmost importance.

The youngster yearned to believe the tales told by Uncle Remus, but his mother managed to keep the wings of his imagination clipped as close as those of a chicken that we desire to keep from flying over the garden fence. One thing about the stories that he failed to understand was the remarkable success of Brother Rabbit in keeping out of trouble. He was obliged to identify Uncle Remus's Brother Rabbit with the

rabbits that he saw occasionally on the plantation, and they were not only weak, but seemed to be very stupid; they had neither claws nor tushes, nor strength of limb. He asked his mother about it, and she gave him an explanation that he had no desire to hear; he asked his grandmother, and she laughingly referred him to Uncle Remus. "He can tell you about it much better than I can," she said.

Thus it happened that the little boy was compelled to fall back on the most gifted fabulist that the plantation had ever known. He laid his puzzle before Uncle Remus one afternoon when the old negro had just finished his dinner, and was therefore in a very good humor. Apparently the child had some difficulty in making clear to Uncle Remus the nature of his doubts, but after a while he seemed to understand what the youngster wanted to know. To make sure,

however, Uncle Remus stated the case as he understood it in his own simple way.

"Ef I ain't mighty much mistooken, honey, you wanter know how come Brer Rabbit kin outdo de yuther creeturs when he ain't got no tushes ner no claws, an' not much strenk." The old negro's eyes twinkled as he looked at the little boy. "Well, dat's de ve'y identual thing dat de tales is all about. Look like he wuz born little so he kin cut up capers an' play pranks no matter wharbouts you put 'im at. What he can't do wid his foots he kin do wid his head, an' when his head git 'im in trouble dat's deeper dan what he counted on, he puts his 'pen'-ence in his foots, kaze dar's whar he keeps his lippity-clip an' his blickety-blick." The little boy brightened up, for it was the purely pictorial language that Uncle Remus sometimes used that appealed to his sense of the fitness of things.

"'Tain't been mo' dan a good half hour ago," Uncle Remus casually remarked, "dat I wuz laughin' fit ter kill 'bout de way Brer Rabbit done when he went b'ar-huntin'. He sho' had his fun, no matter ef he went huntin' or fishin', but when he tuck a notion fer ter go a-huntin' ol' Brer B'ar, he had mo' fun dan you kin shake a stick at. Some folks mought not 'a' liked dat kinder fun what you kin have when you go b'ar-huntin', but Brer Rabbit wuz monstus fond un it, kaze de kinder huntin' what he done wuz a mighty quare kind, an' de fun what he git out'n it wuz de kin' what make 'im laugh twel he can't stan' up no mo' dan a week ol' baby. But la! I 'speck I done make yo' mammy mad by tellin' you deze ol' timey tales so much. She look mighty hard at me yistiddy when I went up dar an' ax Miss Sally fer ter gi' me a piece er poun' cake ef she had any lef' over f'om las' Christmas."

"Why, Christmas has been gone so long that I had almost forgotten it," said the little boy.

"Dat's so," Uncle Remus assented, "but we'll hatter whirl in an' have an'er one 'fo' de year's out. By dat time you'll be gone back home, an' me an' Miss Sally will have sump'n dat's got mo' claws an' mo' color dan plain silly-bug."

There was a long pause, during which Uncle Remus watched the youngster out of the corner of his eye. Presently the little fellow stirred uneasily, and then made this statement. "I don't see why Brother Rabbit wanted to go bear-hunting. He would be in a worse fix when he caught the bear than he was when he hit and kicked the tar-baby."

Uncle Remus laughed heartily. "I 'speck yo' pa done gone an' tol' you 'bout de tar-baby. Ol' Brer Rabbit sho' wuz in a mighty

close place dat time, but ef you take notice, he ain't stay dar long. No, suh! Not him!"

"But, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the child, "why did he want to hunt the bear? I don't see how he showed his sense by doing such a thing as that. He ought to have known better."

"Well, honey, you ain't got no needs fer ter pester yo'se'f wid de ups an' downs er ol' Brer Rabbit. Ef he got sense, er ef he ain't got none, it don't make no diffunce now, kaze de ol' times is done gone, an' ef 'twa'n't fer deze ol' tales nobody would n't know dat dey y'ever wuz any ol' times." Saying which, Uncle Remus filled his after-dinner pipe and turned to his unfinished task, whatever it was.

But the little boy was by no means satisfied to let the matter go at that. He wanted to know why Brother Rabbit hunted

Brother Bear, and how the hunt ended; and he was so persistent about it that the old negro was compelled to tell him the story in self-defense.

"Dey wuz one time," said Uncle Remus, "when de creeturs had laid by der craps, an' dey ain't got nothin' fer ter do but set down on a log an' chaw der terbacker an' tell all dey know'd an' lots mo' besides. One day Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de road, des ter be a-gwine, when who should he meet but Brer Fox an' Brer Wolf. Dey wuz amblin' an' a-ramblin' 'long tergedder, des ez chummy ez you please, laughin' an' talkin', an' ol' Brer Rabbit j'ined in wid um. Atter while dey sot down by de side er de road, an' got ter talkin' 'bout der neighbors an' 'bout de dull times in giner'l.

"Brer Fox say dey ain't nothin' 'tall gwine on, no parties, no picnics, an' no bobbycues. Brer Wolf say he's a ol' settle

man, an' he ain't keerin' much fer parties an' dem kinder doin's, but he like fer ter see young folks 'joy deyse'f whiles dey er young an' soople. Brer Rabbit he up an' 'low dat dey ain't no dull times wid him, kaze it look like he got sump'n n'er fer ter do eve'y minnit er de day whedder he's at home or whedder he's abroad. Brer Wolf, he ax, 'What you doin' right now?' an' den he look at Brer Fox an' wunk one eye.

"He wunk mighty quick, but not quick 'nough fer ter keep Brer Rabbit fum ketchin' a glimp' un it. Brer Rabbit wipe his mouf sorter slow like, an' look up at de clouds floatin' by. He 'low, he did, 'Well, frien's, ef I had n't 'a' seed you-all, I'd 'a' been well on my way fer ter look at my fish-traps, an', dat done, I'd 'a' come 'roun' by my turkey blin'. I ain't got too much time, nohow you kin fix it, an' when I does set down, it's a thrip ter a ginger-cake

dat I draps ter sleep 'fo' anybody kin head me off.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'Wid me it's diffunt. When I lay by my crap, I allers take a little recess, an' pass de time er day wid my neighbors.'

"Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Dat's what make me stop here a little minnit. When I gits home my ol' 'oman is sho' ter ax me who I seed an' what dey say, an' how wuz der folks an' der famblies. You know how de wimmin is — dey'll tantalize de life out'n you twel you tells um who you seed an' what dey had on. But me! I ain't got time fer ter tarry. I'm fixin' up fer ter go on a big b'ar-hunt termorrer, an' it's a-gwineter take up all my time fer ter git good an' ready. My ol' 'oman been beggin' me not ter go; she say she's all uv a trimble, she so skeered I'll git hurted somehow er somewhar. But dat's de way wid de wim-

min; dey make out dey are monstus skeery, but when you fetch de game home, dey allers ready fer ter clean an' scal' it, an' fix it up fer de table.'

"When Brer Rabbit say dis, Brer Fox an' Brer Wolf flung back der heads an' laugh fit ter kill. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, 'Frien's, what's de joke? Be sociable an' le' me laugh wid you.' Sez Brer Wolf, sezee, 'We er laughin', Brer Rabbit, kaze you say you gwine b'ar-huntin'. You know mighty well dat you ain't big 'nough fer ter ketch no b'ar. Why, I'm lots bigger dan what you is, an' I'd think twice 'fo' I started out fer ter hunt Brer B'ar.' Brer Rabbit, he kinder smole one er his ol' time smiles. He 'low, he did, 'Yes, Brer Wolf, you er lots bigger dan what I is; but will you an' Brer Fox head 'im off ef I git 'im on de run?' Brer Fox, he up an' 'spon', sezee, 'You git 'im on de run, Brer Rabbit, an'

we'll head 'im off; I'll promise you dat much — we'll head 'im off ef you git 'im on de run.'

"Brer Rabbit 'low, 'It's a bargain, den, an' we'll shake han's on it.' It wuz a law 'mong de creeturs dat when dey make a bargain an' shuck han's on it, dey wa'n't no way er gittin' 'roun' it; an' so when Brer Rabbit made um shake han's wid 'im, Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox bofe know dat ef dey wuz any b'ar-hunt, dey'd hatter be on han' fer ter head 'im off when Brer Rabbit got 'im on de run. Dey shuck han's, but dey ain't gi' Brer Rabbit ez hard a grip ez dey mought, kaze dey ain't had no notion er gittin' in a sho 'nough b'ar-hunt. Dat 'uz one er de kinder things what dey wa'n't in de habits er doin'. Dey kinder had de idee dat Brer Rabbit wuz des a braggin', but when he make um shake han's, dey 'gun ter feel sorter skittish, yit dey wa'n't no

gittin' 'roun' a bargain what dey done shuck han's on.

"Brer Rabbit ain't stay so mighty long atter dat; he say he gotter go an' make all his 'rangements fer ter bag de game an' ter bobbycue it atterwuds. He flipped Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox his so-long, an' ax um fer ter meet 'im at de same place de nex' day. 'Meet me right here, frien's,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' I'll show you sump'n dat'll kinder stir you up an' make you feel like dat dey's sump'n gwine on roun' here same ez what dey is in de j'inin' county, whar dey hunt b'ar eve'y day in de year 'cep' Sunday.'

"Dey say dey'd be dar, ef nothin' don't happen, an' dey ax Brer Rabbit what must dey fetch fer ter he'p 'im out, an' he 'spon' dat all he want um ter do is ter head Brer B'ar off when he git 'im on de run. 'I'll show you whar ter take yo' stan',' sez ol'

Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' all in de roun' worl' you got ter do is ter stan' yo' groun' an' not git skeered when you see 'im comin', an' make a little fuss like you gwine ter ketch 'im. But you don't hatter put yo' han' on 'im; I'll do all de ketchin' dat's gwineter be done. All I ax you is ter stan' whar I'll show you an' make out you gwineter he'p me. All you got ter do is zackly what you say you'll do — head 'im off when you see 'im comin'.'

"Brer Rabbit went on down de road, singin' one er de ol' time chunes, an' Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox sot whar he lef' um an' look at one an'er. Atter while, ol' Brer Wolf say, sezee, 'What de name er goodness you reckon he's up ter?' Brer Wolf grinned one dem ar grins what make col' chills run up an' down yo' back. He 'low, he did, 'He des tryin' fer ter fool us; he done got de idee dat we er skeer'd. Ef we go dar,

he'll say he mighty sorry dat he ain't fine Brer B'ar, an' ef we don't go dar, he'll laugh an' tell it eve'ywhar dat we wuz fear'd fer ter stan' up ter our part er de bargain.' Ol' Brer Fox grinned his kinder grin, an' say, sezee, 'We'll be dar, sho!' "

At this point Uncle Remus paused to indulge in a hearty laugh, and it was some little time before he resumed. He laughed so long indeed, that the little boy was moved to ask him what he had found that was so funny. This inquiry seemed to have no effect on the old negro. He continued to laugh, and when he could laugh no more, he chuckled, all the time watching the little boy, although he pretended to be looking in another direction. Finally, however, he became more serious, and settled himself in the attitude he always assumed when telling a story.

"Well, suh, Brer Rabbit went down de

road a piece, an' got off in de bushes, an' lay down an' des roll'd over an' over wid laughin'. Bimeby he lay right still, an' a little bird, settin' up in de tree, holler out, 'Run here! Run here!' 'N'er bird say, 'What de matter? What de matter?' De fust bird make answer, 'Brer Rabbit dead! Brer Rabbit dead!' T'er bird say, 'Don't you b'lieve it! Don't you b'lieve it!' Brer Rabbit lay dar, he did, twel he got good an' rested, an' bimeby he jump up an' crack his heels tergedder, an' put out fer home like de booger-man wuz atter 'im.

"He went home, he did, an' split up some kin'lin' fer his ol' 'oman fer ter git supper wid, an' frail out four five er his chillun, an' den he sot in de shade an' smoke his seegyar. Atter he done e't supper, he comb his ha'r, an' tuck down his walkin'-cane, an' put out thoo de woods, fer ter go ter de place whar Brer B'ar live

at. He got dar, atter so long a time, an' hello'd de house, an' ol' Brer B'ar come shufflin' out an' ax him in. Ol' Miss B'ar sot out de cheers, atter dustin' um wid her apern, an' Brer B'ar an' ol' Brer Rabbit sot dar an' confabbed des like two ol' cronies.

"Atter while, Brer Rabbit ax Brer B'ar is he hear de lates' news, an' Brer B'ar say he don't 'speck he is, kaze he ain't went out much, he been so busy cleanin' de grass out'n his roas'n-y'ear patch. Brer Rabbit pull his mustaches, an' look at Brer B'ar right hard. He 'low, he did, 'Well, suh, dey's big news floatin' roun'. Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox, dey say some un been gittin' in der roas'n-y'ear patch, an' dey say dey done seed some tracks in dar what look mighty s'picious, mo' speshually when dey got on der fur-seein' specks.'

"Ol' Brer B'ar sorter shuffle his foots an'

cross his legs. He say, 'What did dey do den? Why n't dey foller up deze yer tracks what dey seed so plain?' Brer Rabbit 'low, sezee, 'It seem like dey know'd purty well whar de tracks wuz gwine ter lead um, an' dey wuz fear'd fer ter foller um, less'n dey had mo' comp'ny fer ter come wid um.' Ol' Brer B'ar lean down he did, an' knock de ashes out'n his pipe, an' den he look at Brer Rabbit an' grin twel his mouf look red an' hot. He say, 'Fear'd fer ter foller de tracks, wuz dey? Well, you can't blame um much, mo' speshually ef dey know'd de tracks. What dey gwine do 'bout it? Dey ain't gwineter des set down an' let der roas'n-y'ears walk off down de lane, is dey?'

"Brer Rabbit kinder helt his head on one side, an' look at Brer B'ar. He 'low, sezee, 'I wuz des comin' ter dat, Brer B'ar, when you broke in on me. De news what

Brother Rabbit's Bear Hunt

I hear is dat Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox is gwineter have a big b'ar-hunt. Dey done sont der invites ter some er de neighbors, an' de neighbors will do de drivin', whiles dey does de ketchin'. Dey ax'd me ef I would n't he'p do de drivin' an' I tol' um dat I'd be mo' dan glad.' Brer B'ar look hard at Brer Rabbit an' Brer Rabbit look in de fierplace. 'You said dat? You said you'd be mo' dan glad?' sez ol' Brer B'ar, sezee. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, 'I mos' sholy did. I tol' um dat I'd git you started, an' den dey kin do de ketchin'.'

"Ol' Brer B'ar laugh, an' when he do dat, it soun' like thunder a-grumblin' way out in de hills. He say, sezee, 'How much uv a fambly is dey got, Brer Rabbit?' An' Brer Rabbit, he 'spon', sezee, 'I can't tell you, Brer B'ar, kaze I ain't neighbored wid um fer de longest. I don't like um, an' dey don't like me — an' dat's de reason

dat I come fer ter tell you de news. I had de idee dat maybe you'd like fer ter take part in dis big b'ar-hunt dat dey gwineter have.' Brer B'ar kinder scratch his head an' lick his paw fer ter slick over de place. He say, sezee, 'It seems like I'm bleedz ter be dar, kaze ef I ain't, dey won't be no fun 'tall.'

"Well, dey sot dar, dey did, an' lay der plans, an' laugh fit ter kill at de ol' jokes dat dey swapped wid one an'er, an' de ol' tales dey tol'. Dey sot dar, dey did, twel ol' Miss B'ar hatter come in an' tell um fer goodness' sakes ter go ter bed, kaze ef dey sot up an' went on dat away, dey won't be no sleepin' fer her an' de chillun. Brer Rabbit jump up when he hear dis, an' tell um all good night, an' put out fer home, an' when he git dar he can't git ter bed fer laughin'. Ol' Miss Rabbit, she stuck her head out fum under de kivver, an' 'low, 'What de name er goodness is de matter?

You sholy must 'a' heern sump'n outdacious in yo' rambles, an' now dat you done woke me up, you des ez well ter tell me 'bout it,' but ol' Brer Rabbit, he's dat tickled dat he can't fish up words fer ter tell 'er; all he kin do is ter laugh an' cough, an' wheeze an' sneeze, an' keep dis up twel it look like he bleeze ter strankle er git smifflicated. But you better b'lieve dat ol' Miss Rabbit sot up wid 'im twel she fin' out all 'bout it. An' she ain't laugh when he tell 'er; she shuck 'er head an' 'low, 'You'll keep on wid yo' foolishness twel some er dem yuther creeturs will ketch you in yo' own trap — an' den what me an' de chilluns gwine do?' Ol' Brer Rabbit laugh an' say dat dey's been widders an' noffuns y'ever sence de worl' 'gun ter roll.

"Now, Brer Rabbit done tell Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox dat de b'ar-hunt wuz gwineter come off bright an' early, an' dat dey mus'

be dar whar he lef' um at, an', sho 'nough, when he went down de road, dar dey wuz. He know'd dat dey'd been talkin' 'bout 'im, kaze dey look right sheepish when he come up behime um. He ax um is dey ready, an' dey say dey is, an' he tell um fer ter come on, kaze dey ain't got no time fer ter lose ef dey gwine ter git any b'ar meat dat day.

"Dey went 'long, dey did, but when dey git ter whar de bushes wuz thick an' de shadders black, Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox kinder hung back. Brer Rabbit see dis, an' he say he hope dey ain't noways bashful, kaze ef dey gwineter he'p him ketch de b'ar, dey got ter stan' up like deyer well an' not be droopy like deyer sick. Bimeby dey come ter de place whar dey wuz a blin' paff runnin' thoo de woods, an' Brer Rabbit, he say dat he want um ter stan' right dar, an' ef de b'ar come by dey wuz ter he'p 'im ketch 'im.

"Sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'I'm a-hopin' dat I'll ketch 'im 'fo' he gits dis fur, an' ef I does, I'll holler; but ef he's too quick fer me — ef he gits de idee dat I'm atter 'im, an' starts ter run 'fo' I gits my han' on 'im, mo' dan likely he'll come dis way. Ef he do, des stan' yo' groun', kaze I'll be right behime 'im; des make out you gwineter grab 'im an' hol' on ter 'im twel I kin git 'im, an' den our day's wu'k will be done.' Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox say dey'll do des like Brer Rabbit tell um, an' dey tuck der places. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit went lopin' thoo de woods des ez gaily ez a race-hoss.

"De place whar Brer Rabbit make um take der stan' wa'n't so mighty fur fum de place whar ol' Brer B'ar live at, an' 'twa'n't skacely no time 'fo' Brer B'ar wuz on de run, wid Brer Rabbit close behime 'im. Brer Fox an' Brer Wolf hear a mighty racket gwine on in de woods des like a

harrycane wuz a-churnin' up de leaves an' de trash, an', mos' 'fo' dey know it, here comes Brer B'ar, wid Brer Rabbit close behime 'im. Dey'd 'a' got out'n de way, but dey hear Brer Rabbit holler, 'Head 'im off, dar! Head 'im off! Hol' 'im twel I git dar!' Ol' Brer B'ar wuz a-comin' like a pot a-bilin'. His mouf wuz wide open an' his tongue hangin' out, an' de blue smoke riz fum 'im eve'y time he fetched a pant.

"Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox stood der groun', kaze dey fear'd dat Brer Rabbit would have de laugh on um ef dey broke an' run. Dey stood dar, dey did, an' do like dey wuz gwine ter ketch Brer B'ar. He come on wid his head down, an' his breff comin', hot, an' ez he run, he fetched Brer Wolf a swipe wid one han' an' Brer Fox a wipe wid t'er han'.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, looking hard at the little boy, "dey ain't no use fer ter

"OL' BRER B'AR WUZ A-COMIN' LIKE A POT A-BILIN'"

go on wid dis tale. De swipe dat Brer B'ar fetched um come mighty nigh takin' out der vitals, an' ef you never is hear hollerin' befo', you mought 'a' heern it den. But Brer B'ar, he kep' on a-runnin', wid Brer Rabbit atter him, an' ez dey run, dey laugh fit ter kill; an' fum dat day ter dis, Brer Wolf an' Brer Fox been givin' ol' Brer B'ar all de elbow room dat he needs by day er by night."

"Did Brother Bear hurt them very much?" asked the little boy.

"Hurt um! Why, he ripped open der hides fum y'ear-socket ter tailholt. Fer de time bein' dey wuz mighty nigh ruint."

IMPTY-UMPTY AND THE BLACKSMITH

LATE one afternoon, when the little boy was trying his best to slip up behind Uncle Remus and frighten him with a big "Boo!" he heard noises that caused him to pause in his tracks and listen with all his ears. The sound he heard was the voice of the old man, and he seemed to be in deep distress. Apparently something had happened that the child had not heard of. It was something serious, too, for, although the old man was explaining something to some one in a low tone, he frequently paused to sigh and groan. The child's sympathy was aroused to such an extent that he forgot or forbore to put in execution the plan he had in mind when he started to the cabin. After listening

awhile in a futile effort to discover the nature of the trouble, he boldly entered the door, and looked around the room which, for the lack of windows, was not very well lighted. He was surprised to find that the old man was alone, and more surprised still to find that he was gazing at the rafters with a smile of satisfaction on his weather-beaten features.

"What is the matter, Uncle Remus?" asked the child.

"Matter!" exclaimed the old man. "Dey may be sump'n de matter wid you, honey, but dey ain't nothin' 'tall de matter wid me."

"Why, I heard you talking to some one, and groaning; that's the way people do when they have trouble."

"Ef I wuz talkin' ter anybody, dey must 'a' slipped out when you slipped in; ef dey ain't done dat deyer in here right now. Ez fer groanin', dat's 'bout all dat folks kin

do when dey gits ez ol' ez what I is. By good rights dey oughter groan eve'y time dey draws der breff."

"But you were groaning just as though you had a terrible pain, and needed some of the medicine that mother gives to me when I have the stomach ache."

"De ailment what I had, honey, wuz some'rs on de right han' side er my min'. When I got word fum a little bird dat you wuz comin' down here fer ter slip up on me an' skeer me, it put me in min' er de time when yo' pappy wuz 'bout yo' age; an' den I got ter ramblin' back twel my 'membunce hit me a whack dat come mighty nigh knockin' me flat. Sump'n up'd an' said dat one er der tales what I tol' 'im in dem days wuz de wrong thing — yasser, de wrong thing! Dat 'uz when you hear me talkin' an' groanin'. I dunner how I'm gwineter git ter feelin' much better less'n somebody

up dar at de big house sen's me some er de truck what gi's you de stomach ache — ressins, an' minch pies, an' appile dumperlin's. It makes me right hongry when I think 'bout tellin' yo' pappy de wrong thing when he wa'n't nothin' but a little bit er chap. But I done de best I know'd how."

"What tale was it, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

" 'Twant needer mo' ner less dan dat ol' time tale 'bout 'Impty-Umpty an' de Blacksmiff.' I gun it out des ez 'twuz gun ter me, but 'twuz de wrong thing — an' de wrong thing can't be made de right thing. Anybody'll tell you dat."

"Impty-Umpty!" exclaimed the child, "why, what is that?"

"It's des Somebody's name," said Uncle Remus, with a sigh. "Some folks call 'im one thing an' some an'er. Ain't you never hear yo' pappy talk 'bout 'im?"

"No, I never did," replied the little boy.

"Not when he drap his collar button on de flo', an' it roll way un' de buryo?" The child shook his head solemnly. "Is you right sho' you ain't hear 'im call a name when he can't fin' de button?" persisted the old man, leaning back in his chair. He laughed heartily when he saw the light of comprehension dawning in the child's eyes. "Ol' Impty-Umpty is got mo' names dan yo' kin count on yo' fingers. Some calls 'im Satan, some calls 'im de Ol' Boy, some calls 'im Cloots, an' some calls 'im what yo' pappy do, an' he answers ter all un um; an' dey's times off an' on, when he'll come long 'fo' you call 'im. Fum all I hear, he's e'en 'bout de busiest creetur dat yever run 'bout wid two behime legs an' a tail ter boot.

"Well, de tale what I done gone an' tol' yo' pappy 'bout ol' Impty-Umpty an' de

Blacksmiff wuz de wrong thing, an' I dunner whedder ter righten it wid him er wid you. It seem like youer de handiest, yit ef I righten it wid you, I'll hatter git yo' promise fer ter righten it wid him."

The little boy was enthusiastic in making the promise, so much so that Uncle Remus was compelled to wipe an untimely smile from his mouth, using the back of his hand for the purpose. He seemed to be in no hurry to "righten" things, however, for instead of beginning the story at once he leaned his head against the wall as though he were about to take a nap, this being his favorite attitude when he wanted to doze. The little boy was not as impatient as his father had been under the same circumstances. He sat perfectly quiet, awaiting the good pleasure of Uncle Remus. Peeping from under his eyelashes, the old negro was again compelled to employ the back

of his hand to smother a smile. This seemed to arouse him.

"I ain't been 'sleep, is I? How fur did I git wid de tale?"

"Why, you did n't even begin to tell it," said the child.

"Well, suh!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, with well-feigned surprise. "Now, ain't dat too much? One thing I notices, an' dat ain't two — I notices dat de mo' Anny Dominoes what crawls over me, de bigger my fergittance gits, an' I boun' it'll come ter dat pass dat de time'll come when I'll fergit ter eat; an' dey ain't nobody dat I knows un dat's gwine ter come 'long an' put vittles in my mouf. Dat's what!"

The little boy said not a word in response to this, nor did he smile. The trouble with him was that he was inclined to take Uncle Remus too seriously. This made the old man more solemn than he would have been

otherwise, but he began very bravely, in spite of his fear that the simple tale he had to tell would fail to appeal to a youngster who had had nearly all his mischievousness trained away under the modern system of parental instruction.

"One time," said Uncle Remus, "not yisteddy, ner de day befo', but 'way back yander in de days when folks knowed lots mo' an' a heap less dan what dey knows now, der wuz a blacksmiff what had his shop at de big cross-roads. It seem like dat ef folks wuz gwine anywhar er comin' back dey bleeze ter pass dish yer blacksmiff shop. 'Tain't make no diffunce whar dey gwine, er whar dey comin' fum, de blacksmiff an' his shop wuz right spang on der road. Time an' time ag'in some un um'd set right flat on de groun' an' try fer ter figger out how an' why 'twuz dat dey'd hatter pass dis shop, no matter which way dey started ner

which way dey come back. Dey figger'd an' figger'd, but 'tain't do um a grain er good. In de due time, dey'd hear a whangin' an' a clangin', an' when dey'd look up, dar wuz de shop, lookin' red inside on 'count de fier, an' dar wuz de bellus a-wheezin' an' a-snortin', an' de big sledge hammer a-bangin' on de anvil, twel it look like it'd bust it wide open. No diffunce what road dey tuck dey'd hatter pass de shop, an' ef dey pass de shop dey'd hatter see de red light a-shinin' an' hear de sledge hammer a-bangin'.

"De shop got so het up in de daytime dat it helt de heat all night, an' de blacksmiff ain't been workin' dar long 'fo' ol' Brer Rabbit fin' out dat ef he want ter git warm an' feel good all he had ter do wuz ter creep un' de do' an' set by de fier an' nod. In dem days folks had a better 'pinion er de creeturs dan what dey got now, an' dey wuz mo' familious wid um dan what dey is now. But

de blacksmiff wuz so big an' strong dat he sot eve'ybody an'er kin' er pattern. He wan't skeer'd er de biggest creetur dat come 'long, let um be rhinossyhoss er hippytamy-pottymus.

"Ez fer Brer Rabbit, he wan't nowhar. He wuz lots bigger in dem days dan what he is now, but he wan't no match in muscle fer de man what been slingin' de sledge hammer — an' so dar 'twuz, de blacksmiff wid big arms an' strong legs, an' ol' Brer Rabbit, wid nothin' but a long head an' big y'ears. Ol' Brer Rabbit had a mighty habit er settin' up late at night. He'd set up so late, a-playin' his pranks an' a-cuttin' up his capers, dat when he woke up de nex' mornin' he wuz e'en 'bout ez sleepy ez he had been de night befo'; an' dey wuz times when he ain't wake up twel he hear de blacksmiff fumblin' at de do'. An' mo' speshually dey wuz one time when de

blacksmiff walk right in on 'im an' foun' 'im settin' up close ter de place whar de fier done been at.

"Stidder shooin' Brer Rabbit away like he oughter done ef he ain't want 'im dar, de blacksmiff flung a hammer at 'im, an' ef it had 'a' hit 'im dey would n't 'a' been 'nough un 'im lef' fer ter stop a hole in a chigger's house. But Brer Rabbit dodge de hammer, an' went scootin' ter de briar patch whar he born an' bred at. He went out dar, he did, an' felt er hisse'f all over fer ter see ef he wuz all dar, an' den, when he fin' out dat he wuz, he jump up an' crack his heels tergedder an' wunk one eye like somebody done tell 'im a great secret.

"He sot out dar in de briar patch an' study what he gwine do nex', an' 'long 'bout dat time who should come 'long dat way but ol' man Billy Rickerson-Dickerson. Knowin' Brer Rabbit long an' well he

stopped fer ter pass de time er day an' ax de news, an' he ain't been dar long 'fo' Brer Rabbit tol' 'im many a long tale dat nobody ain't never hear befo'. By de time he wuz ready fer ter sing out his so-long Brer Rabbit ax 'im ef he'll do er favor fer one er his ol' time frien's, an' Mr. Rickerson-Dickerson 'low dat he will. 'Well, den,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'when you er passin' de blacksmiff shop, des poke yo' head in de do', an' say, "Frien', you'll have comp'ny soon," an' de nex' passer-by you meet, tell um ter do de same.'

"Well, suh, de word went 'roun', an' 'twan't long 'fo' eve'ybody dat come by de blacksmiff shop had de same sayin' in der mouf — 'Frien', you'll have comp'ny soon,' — an' dis sot de blacksmiff ter studyin'. He ax hisse'f what dey all mean by dat, an' it got so atter while dat he'd put de hot i'on on de anvil an' let it git stone col' be-

fo' he hit a lick wid de hammer. He wuz so worried dat he can't sleep at night, an' de nigh neighbors wondered when dey hear de bellus a-snortin' an' de hammer a-bangin'. Dey say ter deyse'f dat de blacksmiff bleeze ter have a mighty heap er work ter do, an' dey dunner whar it all come fum, ner who wuz havin' it done.

"Bimeby, atter so long a time, de neighbors got so dat dey'd drap in on 'im atter supper an' set an' talk an' dodge sparks whiles de blacksmiff run de bellus an' swung de hammer. One night, de talk turned on de Ol' Boy an' his b'longin's. De fier burnt so blue an' de sparks flew'd so fur, dat dey can't he'p but think 'bout de Bad Place, an' wid dat, dey bleeze ter think 'bout ol' Impty-Umpty, de one what runs it. De blacksmiff wuz monstus busy, but he ain't so busy but what he kin hear what dey talkin' 'bout. He blowed de bellus, an' he

hammered de red-hot i'on, but he ain't los' none er der talk, speshually when dey 'gun ter talk 'bout ol' Impty-Umpty.

"He lissened, he did, but he keep on a-makin' what he started fer ter make when he fust got word dat he wuz gwine ter have comp'ny, an' 'fo' dey got thoo tellin' what dey know'd 'bout ol' Impty-Umpty, he done finish it. He sot it up on de anvil an' pushed all 'roun' wid his tongs, an' dem what wuz settin' dar sees dat 'twuz a box — a big i'on box wid de sides all welted ter-gedder, an' de top fixt so dat he kin welt dat up tight de minnit he got good an' ready.

"He turn de box all 'roun' an' 'roun', an' den he wipe de sweat off'n his forrerd an' grin. He 'low, 'Dar's a box what is a box; ef anybody kin beat it, le' 'im do it. Eve'y-body been tellin' me I'm gwineter have comp'ny soon, an' I 'speck it mus' be so. But dey can't come 'fo' I'm ready fer um.'

Den he ax um all how come dey hatter talk 'bout ol' Impty-Umpty, an' what do dey know 'bout 'im anyhow. Dis start de talk ag'in, an' ef de Ol' Boy had 'a' had any character dey'd 'a' ruint it right den an' dar. Dey say dat dey ain't but three things dat he can't turn hisse'f inter whilst he roamin' 'roun' de worl' seekin' whomsoever he mought destroy; one wuz a hog, one wuz a monkey, an' one wuz a cat.

"De blacksmiff laugh an' say dat ef ol' Impty-Umpty is gwine ter be de comp'ny dey er talkin' 'bout, well an' good, kaze he des ez ready fer 'im ez what he is fer anybody else. He ain't no sooner say dis, dan a tall black man stepped inside de do' an' bowed, wid 'Howdy, marsters an' frien's!' Dey all looked at 'im up an' down, an' well dey mought, kaze never in all dey born days is dey see anybody like dat. He wuz black, but he ain't look like no nigger. His

eyes shined like er piece er glass in de moonlight. He had on a stove-pipe hat an' a broadclof suit, he wuz slim an' slick an' soople, an' it seem like he wuz club-footed and double-j'inted.

"Well, honey, he stood dar smickin' an' smilin', an' it look like dat de mo' you look at 'im, de slicker he got. He 'low, 'Marsters an' frien's, you'll hatter skusen me fer comin' in so sudden like. I use ter be a blacksmiff myse'f, an' I never ketches a glimp' uv a forge an' a fier but what it seem like I'm a bleeze ter stop in a minnit ef only fer ter warm my han's like dis.' He helt out his han's to'rds de live charcoals, an' de fier sprung up des like it do when you er workin' de bellus for all she's wuff. De flame burnt white, an' den it burnt blue, an' bimeby it burnt right green, an' all de time it got bigger an' bigger, twel it 'gun ter wrop 'roun' de Black Man's han's des

like snakes. Nobody ain't say a word; dey ain't had no needs ter; it took up all der time fer ter watch what de Black Man gwine ter do nex'.

"Bimeby, when he done warm his han's ez much ez he want ter, he turn ter de blacksmiff an' say, sezee, 'I hear you 'spectin' comp'ny soon.' De blacksmiff he up an' ax, 'Who been tellin' you?' De Black Man make answer, 'Why, I seen ol' man Rickerson-Dickerson dis mornin', an' he ain't mo' dan tol' me howdy 'fo' he 'low dat you 'spectin' comp'ny, an' soon's I hear dat I tol' 'im fer ter set down in de big rockin'-cheer an' make hisse'f at home, an' off I put fer ter see who dis comp'ny mought be dat wuz comin' ter see you.'

"Now, all dem neighbors what had come in ter set up wid de blacksmiff know'd mighty well dat ol' man Rickerson-Dickerson had done been buried de day befo', an'

it make um open der eyes when dey hear de Black Man say dat he had seed 'im dat mornin'; an' one ol' man, what had white ha'r, an' wuz kinder shaky in de legs, up an' ax, 'Whar 'bouts is it you see 'im at?' De Black Man say, 'I seed 'im comin' down de road, an' he look like he wuz kinder col', an' I axed 'im in fer ter warm by my fier. We had a little chat, an' den it wuz dat he tol' me 'bout how dey wuz comp'ny 'spected at de cross-roads blacksmiff shop.'

"De ol' man 'low, 'An' did he warm hisse'f?' De Black Man flung back his head, an' laugh twel de smoke came out'n his mouf. He say, 'Mr. Rickerson-Dickerson sho' did git warm, an' de reason I knows is kaze I hear 'im sesso hisse'f!' De ol' man shuck his head, and say, sezee, dat he reckon he better be polin' on to'rds home, on accounts er de lateness er de hour."

"Did you say that smoke came out of

the Black Man's mouth, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked. He was so much in earnest that a curious little pucker appeared between his eyebrows right over his nose.

"Dat what I said, honey. Smoke! an' 'twan't no nachal smoke needer, kaze it smell des like it do when you strike one er de ol' timey, smifflicatin' matches. It kinder gi' de neighbors a turn, an' one by one dey sneaked off home, twel de fust news you know, dey wan't nobody lef' in de shop but de Black Man an' de blacksmiff, wid ol' Brer Rabbit peepin' thoo a crack. De Black Man he say, sezee, 'I done had my eye on you, an' I like de way you do mighty well. You been workin' too hard an' too much, but you'll git over dem kinder habits one er deze long-come-shorts. I use ter be a blacksmiff myse'f, an' I'm 'fear'd you go at it in a mighty 'roun' about way. What

"OL' BRER RABBIT PEEPIN' THOO A CRACK"

does you want wid a fier, an' what use is you got fer dat great big bellus, which you hatter work yo'se'f ter pieces fer ter blow?'

"De blacksmiff he 'low, he did, dat he bleeze ter have a fier, an' de onliest way he kin have one is ter make de bellus blow its breff on it. De Black Man, he say, sezee, 'Dey mought been a time when I had de same idee, but dat time is done past an' gone. Le' me show you how I does de business.' Wid dat, he tuck up a plow tongue, helt it close ter his mouf, an' blowed on it once er twice, an' it got red-hot, an' den tuck on a white heat, de kin' dey calls a weltin' heat. He put it on de anvil, an' hit a lick er two wid de hammer, an' it come out de purtiest shovel plow you ever is lay yo' eyes on.

"He helt it out, but de blacksmiff back off, he did, an' 'low, 'Who de name er goodness is you, anyhow?' De Black Man frown

when he hear de word 'goodness' but he make answer, 'Folks got a heap er diffunt names fer me, but I ain't no ways proud, an' so I 'spon's ter all un um.' De blacksmiff say, sezee, 'I b'lieve you ain't nobody but ol' Impty-Umpty.' 'An' yit,' sez de Black Man, sezee, 'some calls me de Ol' Boy, an' den, ag'in, dey calls me Satan, an' I got wuss soundin' names dan dat.'

" 'Dey tells me,' sez de blacksmiff, sezee, 'dat dey's three things you can't do,' sezee. Ol' Impty-Umpty 'low, 'Be pleased fer ter homnyname um,' sezee. 'Well, suh,' sez de blacksmiff, sezee, 'it' talked 'roun' in de neighborhood dat you can't change yo'se'f inter a hog, ner a monkey, ner needer inter a cat.' Ol' Impty-Umpty grinned an' showed his sharp tushes, an' den he lipped in de a'r wid a little twist, an' when he hit de groun' ag'in, he wuz in de resemblance uv er hog, an' he look so much

like er hog dat he went gruntin' all over de shop, an' gobblin' up eve'y scrap er vittles he kin fin'. Den he lay down an' waller'd like he wuz in a mud-hole, an' got up a monkey. Well Mr. Monk wuz mo' livelier dan what de hog wuz, an' he run up de wall, an' got on de rafters, an' sot dar chatterin' an' whis'lin' des like a sho' 'nough monkey.

"He drapped fum de rafters, an' when he hit de groun', de monkey wuz a cat, not a great big un, but a little black un dat you'd 'a' been sorry fer ef you'd 'a' seed it. By dat time de blacksmiff had his i'on box ready, an' settin' on de groun', an' when de cat come close 'nough, he grabbed it by de back er de neck an' soused it in de box, an' slammed down de led an' fastened it. Den he laugh an' laugh, twel it look like he ain't never gwine ter git done laughin'.

"But ol' Brer Rabbit, wid his eye ter der

crack, 'gun ter git kinder unpatient, an' he fetch de groun' a whack wid his behime foot. He hit so hard an' so quick dat you'd 'a' thunk somebody wuz beatin' on de muffle' drum. Blacksmiff say, sezee, 'Who dat?' Brer Rabbit 'spon', 'I'm de man what you had in de box' — des so. Blacksmiff say, sezee, 'Go 'way! you can't fool me! Ol' Impty-Umpty in here whar I put 'im at, an' he'll be impty-umptied 'fo' he's emptied. You hear me talkin'!' Brer Rabbit say, sezee, 'Shake de box, man! Shake de box!' An' sho' 'nough, when de blacksmiff shake de box, he ain't hear nothin' in dar. He shake it ag'in, an' he don't hear nothin' in dar.

"Well, dis kinder thing ain't what he been 'spectin' an' he kinder scratch his head. He study an' he study what he gwine do, an' bimeby he sot right flat on de groun' an' open de box fer ter see ef it's empty er

"HE GRABBED IT BY DE BACK ER DE NECK AN' SOUSED IT IN DE BOX"

Impty-Umpty. He open it, he did, an' raise de led an' try ter peep in, but he ain't see nothin'. He raise it a leetle higher, an' when he done dat, a great big black bat flewed outer de box an' hit 'im right spang in de face. He done his level best fer ter ketch it; he struck at it wid his hat, an' slapped at it wid his han', but de bat done gone out'n reach, an' when de blacksmiff look up, it wuz sailin' 'roun' 'mongst de rafters, fliffin' an' flufflin', an' grittin' its toofies. De bat flew'd 'roun' much ez it wanter, an' den it made a dart fer de do' an' wuz gone — done gone!

"Well, time went on, an' de day come when de blacksmiff shop wuz shot up, an' de blacksmiff hisse'f wuz swopped fum de coolin'-board ter de graveyard." Uncle Remus paused, and looked hard at the little boy, who was listening with the composure and the complacency that were so puzzling

to the old negro. He paused, cleared his throat, and then went on: "Fum coolin'-board to graveyard ain't sech a mighty fur ways, but I don't 'speck de blacksmiff keer'd ef 'twuz long er short. Dey tells me — I dunno ef it's so er no; it mought be des de hearsay — but dey tells me dat de blacksmiff had 'casion ter go down dar whar Impty-Umpty live at; he mought des been passin' by; leas'ways he went ter Impty-Umpty's house an' knock at de do'. He knock once an' he knock twice, an' den ol' Impty-Umpty holler an' ax, 'Who dat?' Blacksmiff say, sezee, ''Tain't nobody but me.' Impty-Umpty 'low, he did, 'Ef youer dat blacksmiff what shet de cat up in a box, you can't come in dis place,' an' den he call one er his little Impties, an' say, 'Go git 'im a chunk er fier an' let 'im start a sinner fact'ry er his own. He can't come in here.' Dat," remarked Uncle Remus with some-

thing like relief, "wuz all de fur de tale could foller de blacksmiff."

The little boy sat as though lost in reflection. Finally, however, he stretched himself and spoke. "Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, and ran laughing toward the big house.

TAILY-PO

WHEN next the little boy put in an appearance at Uncle Remus's cabin, the old man was engaged in making something that appeared to be very much like a hammock. Indeed, it was so very much like a hammock that the youngster took the fact for granted and at first asked no questions about it. He was really as inquisitive as most children, but he had been taught that this, the most natural way of improving his mind and adding to the small sum of his knowledge, was rude and countrified.

"What de matter, honey?" asked Uncle Remus, observing that the little fellow was more serious than usual. "I hope de ol' Shanghai rooster ain't hauled off an' kicked

you." The child blushed. The big rooster, which had been raised as a pet, and which had a habit of pecking and pulling viciously at the buttons on people's clothes, was the only thing on the plantation that the little boy was really afraid of. He did n't know why he was afraid of the rooster, but it seemed that the rooster himself had discovered this weakness, and whenever he saw the child he would come running with his feathers ruffled, and making queer noises that seemed to issue from the depths of his craw. The youngster always made it a point to get out of the rooster's way as promptly as his nimble little feet would carry him.

He blushed, therefore, when Uncle Remus placed a blunt finger on his weakness, but make no reply to the comment. Instead, he declared that his mother had said that Uncle Remus had no business to fill

the little boy's head full of foolish notions, especially about Satan, and other topics almost equally as impolite. "What Miss Sally say ter dat?" inquired the old negro with a smile of genuine amusement. Miss Sally was the child's grandmother.

"Why, grandmother said that if Satan ever got me, it would n't be at your cabin."

"Ah-yi! An' den what yo' mammy say?" the old negro asked.

"She said it was n't nice to talk about such things, and grandmother asked if the Bible was a nice book."

"Dar, now! What I been tellin' you? Honey, you better study yo' granny close an' look at 'er good, kaze some er deze odd-come-shorts, she gwine ter take wings an' flew'd away; an' once she gits outer yo' sight, you ain't gwine ter see no mo' like 'er. Lots er folks could git rich an' make dey-se'f happy des by pickin' up what she done

forgot. Ef she'd 'a' been a man, she'd 'a' been a preacher, an' ef not dat, den she'd 'a' been one er deze kinder folks what leads all de rest. No matter what crowd she got in, she'd 'a' headed de whole gang — dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat. Why, Miss Sally kin stan' on dat back porch up dar, an' gi' her orders, an' you kin hear eve'y word she say plum' ter de two-mile place — you sho' kin."

The little boy disputed nothing that was said in regard to his grandmother, for he was very fond of her; but he was too small to appreciate the qualities that Uncle Remus was dimly endeavoring to indicate, and so his mind wandered from the old negro's words to his work. "What are you doing, Uncle Remus?" he asked.

"Des a-knittin' an' a-knottin', honey — des a-knottin' an' a-knittin'. Ez you see me now, des so you mought 'a' seed me

fifty year ago, mo' speshually ef I wuz doin' den what I'm a-doin' now."

"Where will you hang the hammock when it is finished?" inquired the youngster, his curiosity temporarily getting the better of his training.

"Ef I kin git two men ter hol' de staffs, an' an'er one fer ter swing it, I'll hang it up in de middle er de creek, an' gi' de catfishes an' de suckers, an' de peerches a ride. I hope dey'll like it well 'nough not ter be disapp'inted. But you mos' never kin skacely tell; ef fishes is like folks, I know purty well dat dey don't like it. Der wuz Mr. Gristle, — I most know you ain't never see 'im, kaze he been dead eve'y sence I wuz in my teens. Well, dey tuck Mr. Gristle ter de court-house, whar dey wuz a whole passel er lawyers, an' dey made great long speeches 'bout 'im, an' de jedge jedged 'im, an' de jury sot on 'im; but spite er all dis

de man wa'n't sachified, an' he made a turrible racket when dey went ter hang 'im.

"It's purty much de same way wid de fishes. Spite er de fack dat I been settin' here workin' on dis seine off an' on mighty nigh two mont's, de fishes won't no mo' dan git in it good 'fo' dey'll make a turrible splutteration, an' try fer ter break out."

"Well, I reckon so," the little boy exclaimed.

"Yasser, you can't please eve'ybody. Ef youer hangin' um, er makin' a seine, er tellin' a tale, somebody er sump'n will say 'tain't de right thing. I had fresh in my min' a tale dat follers right 'long atter de one 'bout ol' Impty-Umpty, same ez de behime wheel uv a buggy follers de front un — but, bless gracious! dar's yo' mammy warnin' me not ter call names in vain, an' I dunner which way ter turn. Look like dey ain't nothin' lef' fer me ter do but ter keep

my mouf shut, er tell my tales ter myse'f atter I go ter bed."

The little boy laughed, for Uncle Remus had, as it were, by chance, hit upon one of his own little tricks. In a moment he was serious again. "But grandmother says there is no harm in the stories," he declared.

"An' a mighty good thing!" exclaimed Uncle Remus; "kaze ef dey wuz any harm in um, all our folks would 'a' gone ter rack an' ruin, an' 'lev'mty-'lev'm ginerations befo' an' atter. Dey may be de wrong thing, but dey ain't done nobody no harm, not sence I kin fust ermember white fum black — an' dat wuz a long time ago."

"But what was the story, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, whose interest was now whetted to a very keen edge.

"Inquirements like dat allers leads ter mo' talk," remarked the old man, with that air of wisdom that can only be assumed by

those who are old in years and experience. "It's one er dem ar tales what I never is tell ter yo' pappy. Nothin' ain't suit 'im ceppin' dem tales 'bout Brer Rabbit, wid de creeturs persuin 'on atter 'im, an' him a-persuin' on atter de creeturs. But dey tells me dat in dem days — de times dat de tales tells 'bout — Mr. Man an' his kinnery wuz e'en about ez servigrous ez any er de creeturs what wuz persuin' on atter Brer Rabbit. Dat what de ol' folks say, an' ef anybody knows it sho'ly ought ter be dem.

"Well, dish yer tale, what I had fresh in my min', is got a song in it, an' dat's de reason I ain't been eetchin' fer ter tell it; kaze I ain't got de knack er singin' what I useter have. When I wuz young, de ol' folks wuz allers a-tellin' me dat ef I don't stop hollin' so loud, I'd break my puckerin' string, an' I 'speck dat what de matter wid

me now. I done holla'd so much, callin' de hogs an' de sheep, an' one thing an' an'er, dat you can't 'speck me ter chune up an' sing des anywhar an' any time.

"When dis tale wuz handed down ter me — an' dat 'uz too long ago ter talk about — it seem like dat some kinder hard feelin's done sprung up 'twix' Mr. Man an' ol' Brer Rabbit, some kinder 'spute 'bout gyarden peas, an' goobas. Mr. Man say dat Brer Rabbit nipped off de tops time dey git out'n de groun' good. Mr. Rabbit, he 'low, dat dem what Mr. Man miss ain't never come out'n de groun'. Mr. Man say dat may be so, but he tell Brer Rabbit to des look at de cabbages, whar dey nibbled. Brer Rabbit 'low, he did, dat it mought be the calfies er de big green worms, an' he ax Mr. Man what needs do he have fer ter be nibblin' at spindlin' greens like dem, when he got a fine gyarden er his own. Mr. Man

say he'd a heap rather see dat fine gyarden dan ter hear tell un it.

"An' so de 'spute run on; one word callin' fer an'er, an' dar dey had it twel bimeby bofe un um wuz tryin' fer ter say two words ter de yuther's one. De upshot un it wuz dat Mr. Man git so mad dat he wuz red in de face, an' he call his dogs, Ramboo, Bamboo, an' Lamboo, an' sicc'd um on Brer Rabbit; an' you know mighty well dat ef dey'd 'a' been any pardnership 'twix' um dis siccin' de dogs on would 'a' bust it up.

"Now, de dogs ain't got no better sense dan ter do de best dey kin. Dey track ol' Brer Rabbit, dey trail 'im an' dey track 'im 'roun' an' 'roun' an' up an' down, twel bimeby he say ter hisse'f dat ef dey don't kinder let up he sho' will drap in his tracks. Whiles he lopin' long, wid his tongue out an' his tail off, he come ter de big holler poplar by de cool spring. He went in, he

did, an' run up sta'rs an' sot down in a cheer, an' panted like he'd been playin' hop-an'-go-fetch-it."

The old negro paused at this point, as if to see what effect the last statement would have on the child. The youngster knew as well as any one that a hollow tree has no stairway and no place for chairs, but the matter-of-fact way in which Uncle Remus had made the announcement seemed to be sufficient evidence of its truth. Indeed, one of the queerest results of the old man's manner of telling his stories — the charm of which cannot be reproduced in cold type — was that all the animals, and all of the various characters that figured therein, were taken out of the reality which we know, and transported bodily into that realm of reality which we feel: the reality that lies far beyond the commonplace, everyday facts that constitute not the least

of our worries. Fortunately for childhood, the little boy failed to discover that Uncle Remus had made any statement out of the ordinary.

Observing this, the old negro's face seemed to be lighted up with enthusiasm, and he resumed the story with more cheerfulness than the child had ever seen him exhibit. "He went up sta'rs, he did," said Uncle Remus, insisting on renewing the statement, "an' sot down in de big rockin'-cheer, an' panted twel he got kinder rested. An' all dis time, Ramboo, Bamboo, an' Lamboo wuz a-runnin' 'roun' 'wid der nose ter de groun' tryin' fer ter pick up de trail where dey los' it at. Dey run here an' dey run dar, dey run hether an' dey run yan; but dey can't fin' it, an' bimeby dey drapt der tails an' went on home."

"But, Uncle Remus," the little boy interrupted, "why did n't the dogs tree

Brother Rabbit? Don't you remember how you told me that the dogs on the place here could tree 'possums?"

If the child had been older and wiser, he would have made sure that he had the old man in a tight corner, but he never even suspected that he had Uncle Remus "treed." He was simply seeking information. After a little pause, the venerable story-teller was himself again, and the little boy never knew how near he was to catching the old negro as he never had been caught before. Uncle Remus closed his eyes when the little boy asked why the dogs did n't trail Brother Rabbit to the tree, and then tree him, and gave utterance to a heart-rending groan, as though he was suffering some fearful pang, physical or mental. He thought quick and hard, and wondered what reply he should make, when the youngster himself came to the rescue. "I reckon that

was before dogs had been trained to tree things."

The old man opened wide his eyes, and grinned from ear to ear. "Honey, you sho' hit de nail on de head dat time. I wuz des waitin' fer ter see ef you'd hatter be tol', an' here you come an' take de words right out'n my mouf. Dey ain't a day pass dat you don't git smarter, an' you'll soon be so dat nobody can't fool you. Yasser! dat's why de dogs ain't trail Brer Rabbit ter de tree an' den bay de tree. Dey ain't been l'arned how; der wa'n't no needs fer it, an' so when Brer Rabbit went in de holler tree an' run'd up sta'rs, he des mought ez well 'a' took wings an' flew'd away, fer all de dogs know'd.

"Well, de dogs went on back home, an' atter so long a time, atter Brer Rabbit done chaw on his cud much ez he wanter, he come down, an' went on 'bout his business.

An' I tell you, hon, it 'uz big business, too, ef you'll believe me. He put out, he did, an' he went, lippity-clippity, 'way off in de middle er de swamp, whar ol' Mammy-Bammy Big-Money live at. He wuz gwine 'long mighty gaily 'fo' he got in sight er de house, but time he see dat, he 'gun ter git droopy, twel, time he git ter de gate — ef dey wuz a gate — he look like he been sick a mont' er mo'."

As soon as Uncle Remus had mentioned the name of Mammy-Bammy Big-Money the child straightened himself on the bench which he was using as a chair, and gave unmistakable evidence that his interest in the story had been strengthened and renewed. He had heard his grandmother saying something about a witch named Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, and now he seemed to be on the point of hearing a good deal more about her.

"Weak ez he look, he kin' holla, an' he hailed an' hailed twel somebody hello'd, an' in he went. When he got in dar, he look mo' droopy an' puny dan ef he'd 'a' had a spell er swamp fever. Mammy-Bammy Big-Money ax 'im what de matter, an' he say he in deep trouble, an' den he up an' erlate all de circumstance, 'bout how Mr. Man been treatin' 'im, an' Mammy-Bammy Big-Money shuck her head an' say dat it look like ter her dat dem kinder doin's ain't much less dan scandalious. Hangin' on de wall er de place wuz de hide er some kinder varmint — I dunner what. It had de head, de footsies, an' de tail on. She tuck it down, an' laid it on de flo', an' den got a han'ful er salt an' sprinkle it on de fier, a little at a time, singin', —

"'Rise, skin, rise,
Open yo' big red eyes —
Sharpen yo' long, black claws,
An' work yo' big strong jaws!'

"So said, so done, kaze whiles de salt wuz a-snappin' an' a-crackin' in de fier, de varmint hide 'gun ter move, an' stretch itse'f. Den it 'gun ter roll an' waller on de flo' an' time de salt done all burn up, dar 'twuz, big ez life an' twice ez nachal, walkin' 'roun' an' rubbin' 'g'in ol' Mammy-Bammy Big-Money fer all de worl' like a great, big, double-j'inted wil'-cat. Brer Rabbit gi' de varmint plenty er room, whenever it come his way. Bimeby, de ol' witch up an' tell Brer Rabbit dat he kin go home now an' rest in peace, kaze 'tain't gwineter be many long hours 'fo' Mr. Man will have all he kin 'ten' ter widout pesterin' wid anybody else.

"De hide had been hangin' up so long, an' wuz so hard an' stiff, dat de varmint had some trouble 'long at fust. Dey wuz big hard wrinkles here an' dar, but 'twan't so mighty long 'fo' it all limbered up, an' de creetur, whatsomever de name mought be,

"RISE, SKIN, RISE"

got so dat it kin rack 'roun' des ez soople ez any udder creetur.

"Brer Rabbit went off home an' went ter bed, so dat when night come he kin be up an' about, wid bofe eyes open, an' bofe y'ears ready fer ter hear a bug flyin' a mile off. When 'twuz time fer Brer Rabbit ter git up an' be a-moseyin' 'roun' fer ter see what dey is fer ter be seed, Mr. Man wuz fixin' fer ter go ter bed. He got in dar, he did, an' de bed feel so satchifyin' dat he fetch a grunt an' a groan, an' den, 'fo' you kin say Billy Billups, wid yo' mouf open, he wuz done gone, an' eve'y time he drawed a breff it soun' like somebody wuz tryin' fer ter grin' coffee.

"Well, it went on dis away, twel some time endurin' de night, an' den, all at once, Mr. Man opened his eyes an' fin' hisse'f wide awake, des like folks do when dey git de idee dat dey's somebody in de room. He

lissen, an' he lissen, an' bimeby he hear sump'n stirrin' 'bout 'mongst de pots an' de pans in de little room whar he does his cookin' at. He hear it an' den he don't hear it; den he hear it, an' it soun' like dey's sump'n in dar huntin' fer scraps er vittles. So, out er de bed he slips, an' slams de do' too, which it done come open. He slams it, but not befo' de creetur what's in dar done gone out, all 'ceppin' de tail. He cotch de tail when he slam de do', an' off it come right smick-smack-smoove. De tail wuz wigglin' so dat he can't hardly pick it up, an' when he do, he can't hardly hol' it in his han'. He look at it, an' he say ter hisse'f dat he ain't never is see no tail like dat.

"He tuck 'n tuck it in de room whar he sleep at, an' onkivver'd de fier, an' kindle it up, an' all dis time de tail what he had in his han' wuz givin' him 'bout ez much ez he

kin do fer ter hol' it. Bimeby, he put it down on de ha'th, an' put his foot on it, but it wuz a long tail an' a strong tail, an' it kep' up a mighty wigglin' an' squirmin', an' it worked itse'f out so dat it had some room, an' den it 'gun ter hit de man on de legs, an' it hit so hard dat it made 'im holla. Den he got mad, an' he grab up de tail an' flung it in de fier, spang in de middle er de red-hot embers. Ef you never see squirmin' you mought 'a' seed it den ef you'd 'a' been dar. You know how lizzud's tail'll jump, an' do like deyer 'live long atter dey been knocked off — well, dish yer tail wuz lots mo' liver dan what dey is. It 'uz a big strong tail, an' it jump 'bout so dat it knock de ashes an' de embers out on de h'ath, an' de onliest way dat Mr. Man kin keep it in de fier, is ter hol' it down wid de tongs whiles he tuck de shovel an' kivvered it wid de live coals. It fried an' shook, an' shook

an' fried, twel bimeby it look like dey wa'n't nothin' fer ter fry an' shake.

"Den Mr. Man went ter bed ag'in, atter lookin' at de sev'm stars fer ter see what time 'tis, an' he make up his min' he gwine-ter ketch up de sleep what he done los', but time he git ter dozin' good, he hear a mighty scratchin' an' gnyawin' at de top er de do' whar dey wuz a crack at. He 'low, 'Who dat?' an' den he lay still an' lissen, an' atter while he hear sump'n say an' sing —

" 'Taily-po! You know an' I know
Dat I wants my Taily-po!
Over an' under an' thoo de do',
I'm a-comin' fer ter git my Taily-po!' "

Uncle Remus gave to this nonsense a queer, whining intonation, and while he was singing, or intoning it, he pretended to be crying. Its effect on the little boy was peculiar. He frowned in sympathy, and caught

his breath. "Was n't Mr. Man scared?" he asked. "Why did n't he get his gun?"

"Shoo, honey! in dem times all de guns wuz pop-guns," the old man replied. "De fightin' dey had wuz fist an' skull; dey knocked down an' drug out, an' bit an' gouged. Guns! why, ef a gun had 'a' went off whar dey could hear it, dey'd er run spang ter de Jumpin'-Off Place, wharsomever dat may be. Mr. Man laid dar in bed, an' he ain't know what ter do. De scratchin' an' gnyawin' went on, twel Mr. Man fa'rly shuck an' shivered; but bimeby he thunk er his dogs, an' he made so bol' ez ter go ter de back do' an' call um." At this point, Uncle Remus raised his voice to a very high pitch, as people do in the country places when they call their dogs. "'Here, Ramboo! here, Bamboo! here, Lamboo — here, here! Here, dogs, here!' Well, de dogs ain't got no better sense dan ter come when

deyer called, an' dey come a-runnin'. Mr. Man sicc'd um 'roun' ter de front er de house, an' it seem like dat when dey got dar, dey tuck right atter sump'n, an' off dey went a-flyin' twel dey git plumb out'n hearin'.

" 'Fo' dey kin git back home ag'in, Mr. Man wuz des 'bout ter drap off ter sleep when he hear de same scratchin' fuss, an' dis time it wuz at de back do', whar dey wuz a bigger crack. He ax who de name er goodness is dat, an' what does dey want at dis time er night, when all honest folks oughter be in bed. An' no sooner is he ax dis, dan dere come de answer —

" 'Yo' name, I know, is Whaley-Joe,
An' 'fo' I'm gwineter r'a'ly go,
I'm bleeze ter have my Taily-po;
Gi' me dat an' I'll gaily go —
Taily-po! my Taily-po!'

"Mr. Man went out ter de front an' call de dogs, but dey ain't dar, an' so dey can't

'spon'. Dar wuz Mr. Man, an' some'rs not fur off wuz de scratchin' an' gnyawin' creetur, cryin' out —

" 'I know you know, an' I know I know,
Dat all I wants is my Taily-po!'

"Mr. Man shut an' barr'd de do', an' went back ter bed an' pull de kivver over his head, kaze he dunner what mo' ter do. He can't ketch de creetur in de dark, widout de he'p er de dogs, an' de dogs done gone 'way off yander. He got his head kivvered, but 'spite er dis he bleeze ter lissen at de scratchin', an' gnyawin', an' growlin', an' he shake an' shiver wuss'n he y'ever done.

"Somehow er 'nother, by toof er toe-nail, de creetur got in de house, an' no sooner is he git in dan he 'gun ter ramble 'roun' huntin' fer his tail. He rambled, he did, an' when anything got in his way, he'd hunch it over, an' root it out'n de way.

Pans fell on de flo', — slam-bang-er-rang! — pots got turned over, an' when dey roll 'cross de flo' dey soun' like a young thunderstorm. De man, he lay dar, an' shuck an' shiver'd.

"Bimeby de varmint come ter de fierplace in de room where de man sleepin' at. In dem days, dey wa'n't no matches, not even deze here smifflicatin' kin', an' folks hatter kivver up der fier ef dey 'speckted ter fin' any dar de nex' mornin'; 'twuz dat, er walkin' a mile er mo' fer ter borry a chunk. Well, Mr. Man had kivver'd his fier atter he put de creetur's tail in de embers; he had ashes on top er de embers, an' de embers on top er de chunks an' coals. De creetur come up ter de h'ath, he did, an' nosed 'roun', an' it seem like he smell sump'n, kaze he growled, an' den he whined, an' wid dat, he start ter paw in de fier. De way he scratch an' claw it up wuz er

sin. De red-hot embers flew'd out on de flo', de live coals foller'd um, an' den out come der chunks, an' wharsomever dey hit a blaze sprung up. Some flew'd on de bed, an' some flew'd clean over it. When de creetur had claw'd all de fier out, dar wuz his tail all safe an' soun', an' he grabbed it up in his mouf, an' went outer de house like dey wuz sump'n atter him.

"By dat time de house wuz in a blaze, an' not only de house, but de bed whar Mr. Man wuz layin' at. 'Twuz den gittin' close ter daybreak, an' when de yuther folks 'gun ter wake up an' stir 'roun', dey say, 'Heyo! some neighbor is burnin' off his new groun'.' Ol' Brer Rabbit, settin' in his rockin'-cheer, kinder wunk one eye, an' say, 'Humph! I 'clar' ter gracious ef I don't smell smoke!' Ol' Mammy-Bammy Big-Money, 'way off in de swamp, raise her head an' say, 'I smells meat a-fryin'!' "

The little boy waited a few minutes to see if Uncle Remus had finished the story, and then he ran off to tell it to his grandmother.

BROTHER RABBIT, BROTHER FOX, AND TWO FAT PULLETS

THE little boy to whom Uncle Remus told his later stories was not as persistent, not as insistent, as was his father before him, when he was a youngster. This fact was not as pleasing to the old man as might be expected. He liked to be asked for a story so that he might have an opportunity of indulging in a friendly dispute, a wrangle of words, and then suddenly end it all by telling the tale that happened to be in his mind at the moment. In short, he delighted to whet the expectations of the youngster, and arouse his enthusiasm.

This particular little boy never appeared to be very anxious for a story unless the old man led up to it by means of conver-

sation and comment, or indicated it by some evasive allusion, and when the story was once under way, the child rarely interrupted to ask a question, so that Uncle Remus was frequently in great doubt as to whether the tale had been an enjoyable one. What the old man liked best of all things was to hear children laugh, and to feel that he had in some measure added to the sum of their enjoyment. Most of his quarrels were mock quarrels, and his severest frowns always had pretense for a basis.

Over and above the results of his training which the old man — agreeing with the grandmother — thought had been of a severity out of all proportion to the character of the child, the little boy was as much interested in Uncle Remus himself as he was in the stories he told, for the old man had already developed into a tradition. His

name was as much a part of the family as that of any member thereof, and if the child had any hero, such as dwell in the realm of mystery and romance, it was Uncle Remus himself, with his gray head and his air of belonging to some other place and some other time; and all this in spite of the fact that no other person could take his place, or fit and fill the position which he occupied.

One day when the little boy came to see the old man, he seemed to be somewhat disturbed about something. "Uncle Remus — Uncle Remus!" he cried, and then, remembering some admonition that had to do with conduct, he paused.

"Why, honey, what's de matter? Who been pesterin' you? Des tell me der name, an' how big dey is, an' I'll see ef I can't put a flea in der y'ear — an' maybe two."

"There is n't anything the matter — much. After I was ready to go to bed last

night, I did n't feel very sleepy, and grandmother told me a story. She said it was one you used to tell to papa. But that was n't all: she said that all the animals were once meat-eaters. I don't see how that could be."

"Well, ef dat's all yo' trouble, honey, it sho' ain't much. You kin put yo' 'pennunce in what Miss Sally say. Ef she tells you de creeturs wuz meat-eaters, dey sho' wuz, an' ef she tell you dat dey ain't never is eat no meat, you kin put it down des dat away."

"Grandmother was telling how Brother Rabbit got some meat from Mr. Man," said the little boy by way of explanation.

"Yasser!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, enthusiastically. "It seem des like yistiddy I wuz tellin' dat tale ter yo' pappy. He wuz settin' right on dat bench dar, foolin' wid my shoe-knife an' mixin' de big pegs wid de little uns, an' I hatter holla at 'im

mo'n once. He wuz some bigger dan what you is, an' he had mo' life in him dan a quart er camphene. It seem jus' like 'twuz yistiddy, but he done grow'd up, an' now here you is, not much bigger dan a bunch er ripe chanyberries what de robins been tamperin' wid. Ez Miss Sally say, Time is got a heaper flewjus mixt up wid it. You think it's a-standin' still, but all dat time it's des a-callyhootin', an' a-humpin', an' a-totin' de mail. You can't hear de ingine, but dey's one dar, an' a mighty big un at dat, an' it's gwine yander."

"Where is it going?" asked the little boy.

"It's gwine whar it's gwine, dat's whar it's gwine," replied Uncle Remus, in a tone and with an air that seemed to render further inquiry not only unnecessary, but altogether absurd. "It ain't doin' nothin' but des a-gwine, an' when it gits whar it's gwine, it keeps on a-gwine; an' ef you

wanter go wid it, go you kin, ef you'll des le' me stay right whar I is."

The little boy said nothing more on that subject, which was quite beyond his comprehension. He sat quite still while Uncle Remus sharpened his pocket-knife, which was a large horn-handle affair, and bore the marks of long usage. "Grandmother said you were not the only person that said the animals ate meat, or something else besides vegetables. She told how Plutarch said something about the sheep eating fish."

"Did she say dat?" inquired Uncle Remus. When the little boy nodded his head in the affirmative, the old negro closed his eyes and seemed to be reflecting. Presently he returned to the subject. "Plutarch! Is Miss Sally say what plantation he live on?" The child shook his head. "Well," responded Uncle Remus, with a sigh of relief, "he ain't never is live in deze

parts, kaze ef he had I'd 'a' know'd 'im. I 'speck Miss Sally hear talk un him de time she went ter Ferginny, kaze ef dey'd 'a' been any Plutarch 'mongs' de niggers in deze diggin's I'd 'a' know'd 'im.

"Le' 'im be whar he will er whar he kin, de creeturs all use ter eat meat stidder grass an' hay, an' it hatter be fresh. Dey wuz all so greedy dat bimeby fresh meat 'gun ter git skace, an' dey hatter study how an' whar dey gwine git it, an' how dey gwine keep it fum de balance un um atter dey got it. It got so, atter while, dat dey hatter all gi' a sheer er what dey got ter King Lion, an' it seem like he had a y'appetite bigger dan a th'ashin' machine. Den de time come when King Lion stuck a brier in his foot, an' de yuther creeturs hatter set up all night an' git up 'fo' day fer ter keep 'im wid 'nough fresh meat fer ter keep 'im fum starvin' ter deff.

"He'd lay dar an' groan, twel some un um come in wid a hunk er fresh meat, an' den he'd growl an' ax um ef dat 'uz all dey kin fetch. Long 'bout dat time his foot got so bad dat he hatter sen' fer de doctor — an' whom should de doctor be but ol' Brer Rabbit hisse'f! He ain't had no powders an' he ain't had no pills, but he know a mighty heap 'bout yarbs an' such like green truck. He know how to make bergamot grease fer ter put on his ha'r when he go to see Miss Meadows an' de gals; he know dat peach-leaf poultice is good fer biles; he know dat sheep-sorrel salve is good fer ol' sores; an' he know dat white turkentime an' mutton-suet will heal up fresh hurts an' cuts. De creeturs hear 'im talkin' 'bout all er deze salves an' truck, an', des fer fun dey call 'im dock when dey ain't frettin' 'bout de way he been doin' um.

"Well, ol' King Lion sont fer de doctor,

an' Brer Rabbit looked in on 'im fer ter see what mought be done fer 'im. Now, ter look at de paw what de brier wuz stuck in, Brer Rabbit hatter go monstus close ter King Lion's mouf, which wuz spang full er blood red tongue an' shiny tushes, an' he ain't like dat kinder business nohow. Eve'y time Brer Rabbit 'ud feel de hot breff er King Lion blowin' on 'im, he'd flinch an' swink up, an' when ol' King Lion gaped, Brer Rabbit like ter fainted dead away. But he fumble 'roun' an' stayed dar de best he kin, an' fix up de paw wid some kinder soothin' salve fer ter draw de infermation out, an' den he say his so-long.

"When he come outen King Lion's house, he tuck notice dat uv all de creeturs waitin' der turn fer ter go in, Brer Fox wa'n't dar. He up an' ax, he did, 'Whar Brer Fox?' Nobody make answer. Den Brer Rabbit holla out, loud ez what he kin,

'Is anybody seed Brer Fox?' Dey shuck der heads, one an' all; nobody ain't seed 'im. Den Brer Rabbit he poled off down de big road. Soon ez he got out'n sight er de crowd, he sot down by de side er de road an' had a laughin' spell dat lasted fer de longest. Mo' dan once he made a motion like he gwineter git up fum dar an' go on whar he gwine, but 'fo' he got on his feet good, de giggles'd git de better un 'im, an' he'd hatter set down ag'in.

"Atter so long a time he got so he kin walk, an' den he put out down de big road. He come ter whar de roads cross, when who should he meet but ol' Brer Fox! An' not only Brer Fox, but two fat pullets, an' de ol' puddle duck what been waddlin' 'roun' in dem neighborhoods fer mo' years dan I kin tell you. Brer Rabbit, he howdied, an' Brer Fox, he hello'd, an' den Brer Rabbit he up an' ax him whar he been all dis long

time, mo' speshually sence he wa'n't up dar whar King Lion live at. 'Dey wuz a mighty inquirement fer you, Brer Fox,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' I tol' um all dat you wuz kinder feeble, here lately, an' dat you wuz tryin' fer ter pick up some flesh. An', sho' 'nough, you wuz.' Wid dat, Brer Rabbit flick a thistle seed off'n his nose wid his behime foot.

"Brer Fox look kinder sheepish when he hear dat, an' he ax Brer Rabbit ef King Lion make any inquirements 'bout 'im. Brer Rabbit 'low, 'He call out yo' name mo' dan once, an' he put some langwidge 'roun' it dat 'ud burn a hole in my tongue ef I wuz ter say it. I hope he'll be feelin' better when nex' you see 'im.' Brer Fox, he say, sezee, 'Fer goodness' sake, Brer Rabbit! Did he up an' cuss?' Brer Rabbit 'low, he did, 'I ain't no toter er tales, Brer Fox, but ef you kin git out'n yo' min' any-

thing wuss dan cussin' den dat des what King Lion say.' Brer Fox ax what he gwine ter do 'bout it, an' Brer Rabbit say he be bless' ef he know.

"Dey jower'd awhile, an' 'bout de time dat Brer Fox wuz gwineter say his so-long, Brer Rabbit, atter feelin' in his pockets, an' lookin' skeered like he done los' sump'n, pull out a piece er paper an' hol' it up. He 'low, 'Atter ol' King Lion had his spell er warm talk, he han' me dis, an' say dat I wuz ter show it when I seed you. Now, ter make sho' dat you seed it, des t'ar off one cornder, an' gi' it to King Lion when nex' you see 'im. 'Tain't nothin' 'tall but a soople-peeny.' Brer Fox, he look at it kinder sideways. He 'low, 'Is dey any writin' on it? Kaze ef dey is 'tain't gwine ter do me no good fer ter look at it; I kin read readin', but I can't read writin'.' Brer Rabbit say dat's de case wid him, 'ceppin'

dat he kin read writin', but he can't read readin'. Brer Fox, he ax, he did, 'What do de writin' say?' Brer Rabbit, he kinder wrinkle up his forrer'd, an' hol' out de paper like you've seed ol' folks do. He make like he readin', an' he 'low, 'All an' simely, whichever, an' whoever, an' wharsomever, speshually de howcome an' de whatshisname, de 'fo' said, flainter an' flender, le' 'im come headfo'most inter de court-house, whar de high she'ff an' de low kin lay 'im down an' flatten 'im out; all whomst she mought consarn. 'Nough said.' "

The little boy stared at Uncle Remus with wide eyes, as though the old man had lost his senses. "What did all that mean?" he asked.

"It mean dat King Lion want Brer Fox fer ter come up dar whar he kin git bofe paws on 'im, dat what it mean!" When he began to answer the little boy's query,

Uncle Remus had pretended to be somewhat indignant, but it suddenly dawned on him that Brother Rabbit was only pretending that he had a paper from King Lion, and his frown spread itself out into a smile that was pleasing to see. " 'Twould 'a' meant dat, honey, ef dey'd 'a' been any writin' on de paper, but Brer Rabbit wuz des playin' one er his pranks. He had one eye on dem fat pullets an' dat ol' Widdle-Waddle Puddle Duck, dat 's what he had, an' time he see Brer Fox totin' um, he 'gun ter worry how he gwineter git one er bofe, or all un um.

"Brer Rabbit ain't let on 'bout de pullets an' ol' Widdle-Waddle, but he had um in his eye an' likewise in his min'. So he say, 'Now you done hear what de paper say, Brer Fox, you better foller de sesso. Here de piece what's tor'd off; take dat an' put it in yo' pocket, an' when ol' King Lion ax

you is you seed me, des show it — an' don't be all day 'bout it, nudder.' Brer Fox ax is he got time fer ter take his meat home, an' Brer Rabbit 'low dat he is. Wid dat, he put out down de road, an' Brer Rabbit sot right flat on de groun' an' laugh, twel, ef you'd 'a' seed 'im, you'd 'a' said he done fin' a new gigglin' place.

"He foller'd long atter Brer Fox, but tuck keer fer ter keep out'n sight. He seed Brer Fox run in his house, fer ter put ol' Widdle-Waddle an' de pullets 'way. Den he run out ag'in, foller'd by his ol' 'oman, an' he hear her holla out, 'You better come on back here an' he'p me wid deze chillun er yone, kaze it's a mighty fine sitiwation when a 'oman, an' her not well at dat, has ter do eve'y blessed thing dey is ter be done — split up de wood ter make a fier, pick up de chips fer ter kin'le it wid, do all de cookin', all de pullin' an' haulin', an' take keer

er all yo' good-for-nothin' chillun! You better come on back here, I tell you!' But by dat time, Brer Fox wuz done gone.

"Brer Rabbit stay'd whar he wuz a right smart whet, long 'nough fer Brer Fox ter mos' git whar he gwine, an' den he sa'nter'd out in de big road an' make his way ter Brer Fox' house. He went up, he did, monstus perlite — it look like butter won't melt in mouf. He open de gate slow, an' he make sho' it wuz shet behime 'im. He went ter de do' an' rap on it, an' stan' dar wid his hat in his han', an' look mighty umble-come-tumble.

"Ol' Miss Fox, she open de do', she did, an' Brer Rabbit pass de time er day wid 'er, an' den say he got a message fer her some'rs in his pocket, ef he kin y'ever fin' it. Atter so long a time, he fin' de paper what Brer Rabbit say come fum ol' King Lion. He han' her dis, an' Miss

"YOU BETTER COME ON BACK HERE AN' HE'P ME WID DEZE CHILLUN ER YONE"

Fox say she ain't a good han' at readin', not sence de chillun broke her fur-seein' specks, an' she dunner what de name er goodness she gwine do, speshually when her ol' man ain't skacely got time fer ter stay at home, an' when he does run in it look like de flo'll burn blisters in his feet, an' she say ef she'd 'a' know'd at fust what she know at last, she'd take two long thinks and a mighty big thunk 'fo' she'd marry anybody in de roun' worl'. Brer Rabbit, he 'low, 'Yassum!' an' den he up an' tell 'er dat he met Brer Fox, which King Lion done sont 'im a soople-peeny. Brer Fox ax 'im how he gittin' on, an' Brer Rabbit say he'd be gittin' on purty well ef he had anything ter eat at his house. (All dis is de tale dat Brer Rabbit wuz po'in' in ol' Miss Fox' y'ear.) Den Brer Fox wipe his eye an' say 'tain't gwine do fer Brer Rabbit ter go widout eatin'. Ol' Miss Fox break inter de

tale wid, 'I wish he'd wipe his eye 'bout some er my troubles; his eye is dry 'nough when he's 'roun' here.'

"Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Yassum!' an' den he say dat Brer Fox 'low ez how no longer'n dat ve'y mornin' he fotch home two fat pullets an' ol' Widdle-Waddle Puddle Duck, an' he say Brer Rabbit kin have his choosenment er de pullets er der puddle duck. Mo' dan dat, Brer Rabbit say, Brer Fox sot right flat in de road an' writ Miss Fox a note, so dat she'll know his will an' desirements.

"Ol' Miss Fox look at Brer Rabbit mighty hard. She done tell 'im 'bout her fur-seein' specks, an' she say dat ef de letter ain't read twel she reads it, she mighty sorry fer de letter. She tuck it an' turn it upperside down an' roun' an' roun', an' den han' it back ter Brer Rabbit, wid, 'What do she say?' Brer Rabbit, he cle'r'd his th'oat,

an' make out he readin'; he say, 'Ter all whomst it mought contrive er consarn, bofe now an' presently: Be so pleased ez ter let Brer Rabbit have de pullets er de puddle duck. I'm well at dis writin' an' 'a' hopin' you er enjoyin' de same shower er blessin's.'

"'Whatsomever it mought er been, 'tain't no love-letter,' sez ol' Miss Fox, sez she, an' den she fotch out de two fat pullets, an' Brer Rabbit, he mosied off home, singin' de song dat tells 'bout how Mr. Fox done lef' de towny-o."

Uncle Remus paused, leaned his head back, and groaned. "Is that all?" asked the little boy. "It mought be, an' den ag'in it mought n't," the old man responded. "It 'pen's on who's a-tellin' de tale. Some folks would cut it right short off an' let it go at dat, but not me. When I starts fer ter tell a tale, I pursues it right ter de en' des like

de creeturs wuz pursuin' one an'er — des like de big men is pursuin' de little men, wid de little men gittin' ter kivver, an' a-hittin' back ez dey run.

"One thing Brer Rabbit know mighty nigh ez well ez he know dat he's hongry. He know 'twon't never do in de roun' worl' fer Brer Fox fer ter go back home, an' fin' out how de pullets went. So when he git out'n sight er Brer Fox' house, he whipped up an' went a-runnin' home des ez hard ez he kin, an' he tell his ol' lady fer ter take de pullets an' fix um fine wid de kinder doin's dey has wid chickens, kaze he mought have comp'ny. He say he got ter go back an' see how ol' King Lion's paw gittin' on, an' he put out fer ter be dar 'fo' Brer Fox come 'way.

"He lit out, he did, an' fa'rly burnt up de big road wid his footsies — *bookity-bookity* — an' when he git dar, sho' 'nough, Brer

Fox wuz dar, lookin' like de really-truly goodness wuz des drippin' fum his mouf, an' oozin' fum his hide. You may 'a' seed folks dat look umble-come-tumble, but you ain't never is see nobody dat got umble-come-tumbleness down ez fine ez what Mr. Fox had it. An' a mighty good reason, kaze he wuz skeered dat King Lion wuz gwine ter haul 'im over de coals fer not fetchin' de meat dat he ought er fotch 'im. When Brer Fox got ter whar King Lion do de kingin', dey wuz a whole passel er creeturs ahead un 'im, an' mighty nigh all un um had some meat, an' dem what ain't had it, come wid some tale fer ter skusen deyse'f. Dey went in, one by one, an' had der confab, an' den come out ag'in, some lookin' glad an' some lookin' mad; an' all dat time dar sot Brer Fox waitin' his turn.

"He wuz might'ly holp up when he see Brer Rabbit, kaze he know'd dat Brer Rab-

bit, bein' de doctor, kin git in dar 'fo' anybody. He hail Brer Rabbit, an' say he mighty glad fer ter see 'im once mo', live an' well, an' Brer Rabbit 'spon' dat he monstus glad fer ter see Brer Fox. He 'low, 'I'm mo' dan glad fer ter see you ain't been in dar whar de King 's doin' his kingin' at,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I wuz fear'd you'd take a notion an' go in dar 'fo' I kin git back, an' dat 'ud 'a' been mighty bad fer you — it sho' would.' Den Brer Rabbit look like he studyin', an' bimeby, he up an' say, sezee,' Brer Fox, you stay right whar you is, an' don't try ter go in dar whar de King at twel I gi' you de word; I dunner what he mought do ter you.' Brer Fox say he mighty glad Brer Rabbit got dar in time fer ter save his hide.

"Now, Brer Rabbit bein' de doctor, he had de right fer ter go in dar whar de King at widout any stan'in' 'roun' an' waitin',

an' he elbow'd his way thoo de waitin' creeturs, spite or der spittin' an' growlin', an' went right on in whar King Lion at. His paw wuz all wropped up, an' he wuz des drappin' off ter sleep, an' whiles Brer Rabbit wuz lookin' at 'im, he turned loose, he did, an' 'gun ter sno' like he done swaller'd a hoss, mane an' huff. Seein' dat, Brer Rabbit make a bow, an' go right out whar Brer Fox an' de yuther creeturs wuz waitin' at.

"Soon ez Brer Fox see dis, he ax Brer Rabbit what de news. Brer Rabbit tuck 'im off one side, an' tell 'im he better go on home, kaze King Lion wuz tur'bly put out by de way Brer Fox been gwine on. 'I begged off fer you, Brer Fox,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'an' he say dat he'll skuzen you dis time, but de nex' time—' Brer Rabbit make a motion like he takin' off his head. 'You better go on home, Brer Fox,'

sezee, 'fo' yo' ol' 'oman gives 'way dem fine fat pullets what I seed you wid dis mornin'.' Brer Fox laugh; he say he'd like fer ter see somebody git dem pullets 'way fum his ol' 'oman. 'Ef you kin git um, Brer Rabbit,' sezee, 'youer mo' dan welcome.' 'Desso!' Brer Rabbit 'low, 'Thanky, Brer Fox, thanky!' an' he went lippity-clippitin' down de road, laughin' so loud dat Brer Fox stop an' look at 'im, wid 'I'd like ter know what's de joke' kinder 'spression on his coun'nance."

HOW BROTHER RABBIT BROUGHT FAMILY TROUBLE ON BROTHER FOX

THE little boy sat in a thoughtful attitude after Uncle Remus had told him how Brother Rabbit had fraudulently secured Brother Fox's pullets. He had been taught never to ignore the difference between right and wrong — justice and injustice — and in his mind the line between the two was sharply and deeply drawn. He sat reflecting, while Uncle Remus busied himself about his workbench, on one end of which was his favorite seat. He arranged and rearranged his tools, and then folded his hands in his lap with an air of satisfaction. He evidently expected the youngster to make some comment or observation, and when he had waited a little

while, he made a remark calculated to draw the child out.

"I'm fear'd you ain't feelin' well, honey. Sump'n in dat tale must 'a' made you feel bad." The little boy looked at him, but made no response. "Wharbouts in de tale wuz you tooken sick at?" Uncle Remus inquired, with a great display of solicitude.

"Why, I'm not sick, Uncle Remus," replied the lad.

"Well, I'm monstus glad ter hear it," the old man responded, "kase you sho' had me skeer'd. A little mo', an' I'd 'a' tol' you fer ter run an' let yo' granny look at yo' tongue an' feel er yo' pulsh." The child laughed at this, and then became serious again. "Dey's sump'n de matter wid you," Uncle Remus insisted, "kaze eve'y sence I tol' you dat tale, you been lookin' like you got mo' on yo' min' dan you kin tote."

"I was just thinking," said the child,

somewhat shyly — he was always embarrassed when commenting on Uncle Remus's stories — "I was just thinking that when Brother Rabbit got the chickens from Brother Fox, he was really stealing them."

"Dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat," said Uncle Remus complacently. "But what wuz Brer Fox doin' when *he* got um? Pullets an' puddle-ducks don't grow on trees, an' it's been a mighty long time sence dey been runnin' wil'. No, honey! Dey's a heap er idees dat you got ter shake off ef you gwineter put de creeturs 'longside er folks; you'll hatter shake um, an' shuck um. Creeturs could talk like folks in dat day an' time, an' dey kin do a heap er things what folks do; but you kin see de diffunce fer yo'se'f. Folks got der laws, an' de creeturs got der'n, an' it bleeze ter be dat-a-way.

"Brer Rabbit took de pullets when by

good rights he oughter lef' um whar he fin' um, but you'll l'arn fer yo'se'f dat dey's a heap er folks lots wuss dan Brer Rabbit, when it comes ter takin' what ain't der'n, an' when you l'arn it you'll look back on dese times an' feel so sorry dat you ain't got um wid you dat you'll hatter wipe yo' eyes an' blow yo' nose — an' I'm a-hopin' mighty strong dat you won't be tryin' fer ter show off in no gal comp'ny when you does it, kaze dat'd make Miss Sally turn in her grave."

These remarks were way beyond the little boy, but he accepted them as an explanation, though it was not altogether satisfactory. He seemed to imagine that if the animals could talk and reason in the way that Uncle Remus represented them, they should have some idea of the difference between right and wrong. The old negro had no difficulty whatever in per-

ceiving the nature of the child's trouble, and he dealt with it as seriously and as solemnly as he knew how.

"It seem like," he said, glancing at the little boy, "dat folks is got one way er lookin' at things, an' it's all bleeze ter be des de way dey think it oughter be. Ef dey had diffunt eyes, an' ef deze eyes wuz on a diffunt level, dey would n't see de way dey does now; what dey see would be a little mo' slonchways, an' den eve'ybody would git diffunt idees. Well, de diffunt eyes an' de diffunt idees dat folks mought 'a' had, dat des zackly what de creeturs got. What dey see dey see slonchways, stidder upendickler. Folks got der ways, an' de creeturs is got der'n, an' deze yer ways wuz proned in um fum de fust.

"Creetur law ain't folks' law, nohow you kin fix it," Uncle Remus went on, with the unction of a country preacher. "Dar wuz

ol' Brer Fox, wid his pullets an' his puddle-duck; an' you done got de idee dat Brer Rabbit done wrong when he work his head an' han's fer ter git holt un um. But le' me ax you dis: Whar did Brer Fox git um? He ain't git um at home, kaze he wuz totin' um dar when we fust run across 'im; he ain't git um in de woods, kaze pullets an' puddle-ducks ain't grow on trees — an' ef dey is, Brer Fox can't clim' no higher dan he kin jump. Now, you kin put it down an' carry four, dat wharsomever Brer Fox lay han's on um, he ain't buy'd um, an' needer wuz dey gun ter 'im. Dat much you don't hatter guess at; you des knows it by yo' nose an' yo' two big toes.

"Let 'lone dat, de pullets an' de puddle-duck mought not 'a' b'long'd ter de one what Brer Fox tuck um fum, an' I boun' you dat 'twould take a mighty long time fer ter hunt up an' s'arch out de nick-names an'

de pettygrees er all dem what had um 'fo' Brer Rabbit drapped um in his rasher-bag." Uncle Remus paused to take note of the direction of the wind and the appearance of the sky; then he sighed and closed his eyes. After awhile, the spirit seemed to move him, and he straightened himself on the work-bench, and exchanged the somewhat uncomfortable seat for a chair.

"I'm mighty glad you spoken'd up an' say what you did, honey," he remarked, "kaze a leetle mo', an' I'd 'a' up an' 'a' whirled in, an' 'a' tol' you de t'er part er dat tale 'bout Brer Rabbit an' de pullets an' de puddle-duck; I sho' would, an' den you'd 'a' felt so mighty sorry 'bout de way de creeturs look at things, dat you'd 'a' went behime de smoke-'ouse an' 'a' boo-hoo'd des like yo' gizzard wuz gwine ter break in two."

The little boy gave the old negro a quick

glance of reproach. "Why, Uncle Remus!" he exclaimed, "I thought you always finished a story when you begun it; you said so yourself."

In spite of a desire to treat the child seriously, Uncle Remus grinned broadly. "De way I look at it, honey, you hatter harness two hosses one at a time, less'n you got a man fer ter he'p you; an' when youer tellin' a two-hoss tale, you hatter tell um one at a time. Ef I wuz ter try fer ter tell um bofe at once, you'd run ter de house an' tell yo' granny dat ol' man Remus had done gone an' got rid er his sev'm senses, an' wuz tryin' fer ter gi' you a good strong dose er Chinee; an' when you done dat, Miss Sally sho' would preach my funer'l march. I wa'n't born'd yistiddy, an' I take notice dat yo' daddy ain't got de double-bairl gun, an' dat Miss Sally don't have but one hoss fer ter haul her ter church Sundays. Dat ar

double-buggy dat yo' daddy use ter drive up dar in Atlanty would look mighty funny ef it had mo' dan one hoss hitched ter it. Lawsy, yes! Eve'ything is mo' lamer now dan what it use ter be; an' I bet you right now dat ef de trufe wuz know'd we er stan'in' on our heads."

The little boy was obliged to laugh at this whimsical explanation, and this gave Uncle Remus as much pleasure as the stories gave the child. "Ef you'll wet yo' thum', an' turn back in yo' min' 'twon't be hard fer you ter reckermember dat Brer Fox tol' Brer Rabbit dat ef he kin git dem two fine, fat pullets fum his ol' 'oman, he's mo' dan welcome fer ter git um. But when Brer Fox say dat, de pullets wuz hangin' up at Brer Rabbit house; he done got um wid dat piece er paper what he tuck an' show ol' Miss Fox. Dat what make him laugh so loud an' so long.

"Well, suh, atter Brer Rabbit git done laughin', he mosied off home whar his wife and chillun live at, an' Brer Fox, he went on to'rds his house whar his ol' 'oman live at. Ef he'd 'a' had his eyes shet, he'd 'a' know'd when he got dar, kaze ol' Miss Fox wuz stan'in' in de do' waitin' fer 'im. She 'gun ter jaw at 'im, long 'fo' he got in lis'-nen' distance, an' you mought 'a' hear her a mile er mo'. When he got whar he know'd what she wuz sayin', he ain't say nothin'; he des amble 'long twel he come ter de do'. By dat time ol' Miss Fox wuz so mad dat she can't say nothin' an' do jestice ter her-se'f, so she des stan' dar an' make motions wid de broom what she had in her han'.

"Brer Fox, he wipe de persweat off'n his face an' eyes, an' say, 'It seem like ter me dat I hear you talkin' ter some un des now; what wuz you sayin', sugar-honey?' Soon ez she kin ketch her breff, she 'low, 'I'll

sugar you! I'll honey you! What make you fetch vittles home ef you gwine ter sen' it off ag'in? What you wanter put yo'se'f ter de trouble er totin' it ter dis house, when you know you gwineter gi' it 'way des ez soon ez you turn yo' back on de place? An' what business you got sen'in' ol' Miss Rabbit de two fine, fat pullets what you brung home, which dey made me dribble at de mouf de fust time I seed um? An' I ain't mo' dan seed um 'fo' here come ol' Brer Rabbit, a-bowin' an' a-scrapin', an' a-simperin' an' a-sniggerin', an' he 'low dat you done sont 'im fer de pullets. Ef it had 'a' des 'a' been his own 'lone sesso, he'd 'a' never got dem pullets in de roun' worl' — I'd 'a' gouged out his goozle fust — but here he come wid a letter what you writ, dough you know'd good an' well dat when it comes ter writin' I dunno B fum Bull's-Foot.'

"Brer Fox shuck his head; he say he ain't never writ no letter, kaze he dunner how, an' it seem mighty funny ter him dat his sugar-honey an' dumplin'-pie don't know dat much. Ol' Miss Fox, she 'low, she did, dat dumplin'-pie ain't chicken-pie, an' den she rail at Brer Fox. 'How come you givin' pullets ter ol' Brer Rabbit an' his fambly, when yo' own chillun, 'twix' yo' laziness an' de hard times, is gwine roun' here so ga'nt dat dey can't make a shadder in de moonshine? You know mighty well — none better — dat we ain't never is neighbor'd wid dat kinder trash, an' I dunner what done come over you dat you er takin' vittles out'n yo' own chillun's mouf an' feedin' dat Rabbit brood.'

"Brer Fox vow an' declar' he ain't done no sech uv a thing, an' his ol' 'oman vow an' declar' dat he is, an' she shake de broom so close und' his nose dat de hatter sneeze.

Den he 'low, 'Does you mean fer ter stan' dar, flat-footed, an' right 'fo' my face an' eyes, an' whar yo' own chillun kin hear you, an' tell me dat you tuck an' gi' Brer Rabbit dem ar fine, fat pullets what I brung home? Does you mean fer ter tell me dat?' She say, 'Ef I done it, I done it kaze you writ me a 'pistle an' tell me fer ter do it.' Brer Fox 'low, 'Is you got de imperdence ter tell me dat des kaze Brer Rabbit han' you a piece er paper, wid sump'n n'er marked on it, you ain't got nothin' better ter do dan ter up an' gi' 'im de fine, fat pullets what I brung fer ter make some chicken-pie?'

"Dis make ol' Miss Fox so mad dat she can't see straight, an' when she git so she kin talk plain, she vow she gwine ter hurt Brer Rabbit ef it tuck a lifetime fer ter do it. An' dar wuz Brer Fox des ez mad, ef not madder. Dey bofe sot down an' grit der tushes, an' mumble an' growl like dey talk-

in' ter deyse'f. Brer Rabbit wa'n't so mighty fur off, an' he laugh an' laugh twel he can't laugh no mo'.

"But whiles he laughin', he laugh too loud, an' Brer Fox hear him. He say ter his ol' 'oman, 'I'm gwine ter git some rabbit meat fer ter make up fer de chickens what you done give 'way. You be sweepin' here in front er de do', an' I'll slip roun' de back way, an' come up on him when he ain't thinkin' 'bout it; an' whiles you sweepin' make out you talkin' ter me like I'm in de house.' So said, so done. Miss Fox she sweep an' sweep, an' whiles she sweepin' she make out she talkin' ter Brer Fox whiles he in de house. She say, 'You better come on out'n dar an' go on 'bout yo' business ef you got any. Here I'm constant a-gwine, fum mornin' twel night, an' dar you is a-loungin' roun', waitin' fer Brer Rabbit fer ter play tricks on you. You better come

on out'n dar an go fin' sump'n n'er ter eat fer yo' fambly.'

"Dat's de way she talk, whiles she wuz pertendin' ter sweep, an' des 'bout dat time, up come ol' Brer Rabbit wid a mighty perlite bow. He tuck off his hat, he did, 'Good evenin' dis evenin', Miss Fox. I hope I see you well, ma'am.' Miss Fox 'low dat she ain't ez peart ez she look ter be, an' mo' dan dat, her ol' man layin' in de house right now wid a mighty bad case er de influendways. Brer Rabbit say he mighty sorry, but it's what we all got ter look out fer, kaze 'zease an' trouble, an' one thing an' an'er, is all de time makin' de roun's er de places whar folks live at. Den ol' Brer Rabbit kinder hol' his head on one side an' sorter smile; he up an' ax, he did, 'Miss Fox, how you like dat cut er caliker what King Lion sont you fer ter make a frock out'n? Reason I ax, I'm a-gwine ter see

'im dis evenin', an' I 'most know dat he'll ax me ef you like de pattern.'

"Miss Fox lean her broom ag'in de house, an' put her han's on her hips, an' make Brer Rabbit say over what he done tol' 'er. 'Well, well, well!' sez ol' Miss Fox, se'she; 'de King sont me a caliker frock, an' I ain't never lay eyes on it! Ef dat don't beat my time!' Brer Rabbit, he put his han' over his mouf an' cough sorter sof'; he 'low, he did, 'You'll hatter skuzen me, ma'am,' sezee. 'I'm afear'd I done gone an' said sump'n dat I oughtn'ter say. When I knows what I'm a-doin', I never likes fer ter come 'twix' man an' wife, ef I kin he'p myse'f — no, ma'am, not me! Yit Brer Fox is right dar in de house an' you kin ax 'im, ef you don't b'lieve me.'

"Fer one long minnit, Miss Fox wuz so mad dat she hatter wait twel she cotch her breff' fo' she kin say a word. Lots er wim-

men would 'a' stood up dar an' squealed, but Miss Fox, she helt her breff. Quick ez she kin, she holler out, 'No, he ain't in de house; he's out yan' tryin' fer ter slip up on you 'bout dem pullets.' 'I'm glad you got dat idee,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'kaze it's liable fer ter keep down trouble. Ef you wuz a man, Miss Fox,' sezee, 'you mought git de idee dat he seed me comin' an' wuz hidin' out kaze he fear'd I'd ax you 'bout dat frock what de King sont you. It sho' wuz a mighty purty piece er caliker, an' ef I'd 'a' know'd den what I know now, I'd 'a' got it fum Brer Fox an' gi' it ter my ol' 'oman — I sho' would!'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit make his bow an' light out fum dar; an' he wa'n't none too soon, nudder, kaze he ain't mo' dan got in de bushes whar he kin hide hisse'f, 'fo' here come ol' Brer Fox. He look all roun', but he ain't see nobody but his ol' 'oman, kaze

Brer Rabbit done gone along. Brer Fox say, sezee, 'Whar is de triflin' scoundul? I seed 'im stan'in' right here — whar is he? Whar he gone?' Ol' Miss Fox, she up wid de broom an' hit him a biff side de head dat come mighty nigh knockin' 'im inter one er de j'inin' counties. 'Dat's whar he is,' se' she, an' she fetch her ol' man a whack 'cross de backbone, dat soun' like ol' Miss Jenkins a-beatin' dat ol' rag kyarpit by hittin' it ag'in de fence.

"Ol' Brer Fox tuck a notion dat he been struck by lightnin'; he fell down an' roll over, an' by de time dat ol' Miss Fox had mighty nigh wo' de broom out, he fin' out what 'uz happenin'. He holla out, 'Why, laws-a-massey, honey! What de matter wid you? What you biffin' me fer? I ain't Brer Rabbit! Ow! Please, honey, don't bang me so hard; I ain't gwine do it no mo'.' Ol' Miss Fox says, se' she, 'Ah-yi! you owns

up, does you? You ain't gwine do it no mo', ain't you? Now, whar my fine caliker frock what de King sont me?' An' all de time she wuz talkin' she wuz wipin' 'im up wid de broom. Mon, de way she beat dat creetur wuz a start-natchul scandal.

"Well, when Brer Fox got out'n reach, an' she'd kinder cooled down, she up an' tol' 'im bout de caliker frock what King Lion had sont 'er, an' she ax 'im what de name er goodness is he done wid it, an' ef he ain't brung it home onbeknownst ter her, who in de dashes an' de dickunses is he gi' it to? He vow he ain't seed no caliker frock, an' she 'low dat he done say, whiles she wuz a-biffin' 'im, dat he ain't gwine do it no mo'. Brer Fox say he ain't know what she wuz beatin' 'im fer, an' he was mos' bleeze ter promise not ter do it no mo', kaze she wuz hurtin' 'im so bad.

"Dey put der heads tergedder, dey did,

an' collogue an' confab 'bout how dey gwineter git even wid Brer Rabbit, kaze de King ain't sont no fine caliker frock, an' needer is dey got der two fat pullets. Dar dey wuz, no frock, no pullets, an' Brer Rabbit still cuttin' up his capers an' playin' his pranks on eve'ything an' eve'ybody. Dey say dey wuz gwine ter ketch 'im ef it kilt eve'y cow in de island, wid a couple er steers thow'd in fer good medjur. Dey wuz gwine ter hide close ter de places whar he hatter pass by; dey wuz gwineter do dis an' dey wuz gwineter do dat, but whatsomever dey done, dey wuz gwineter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit.

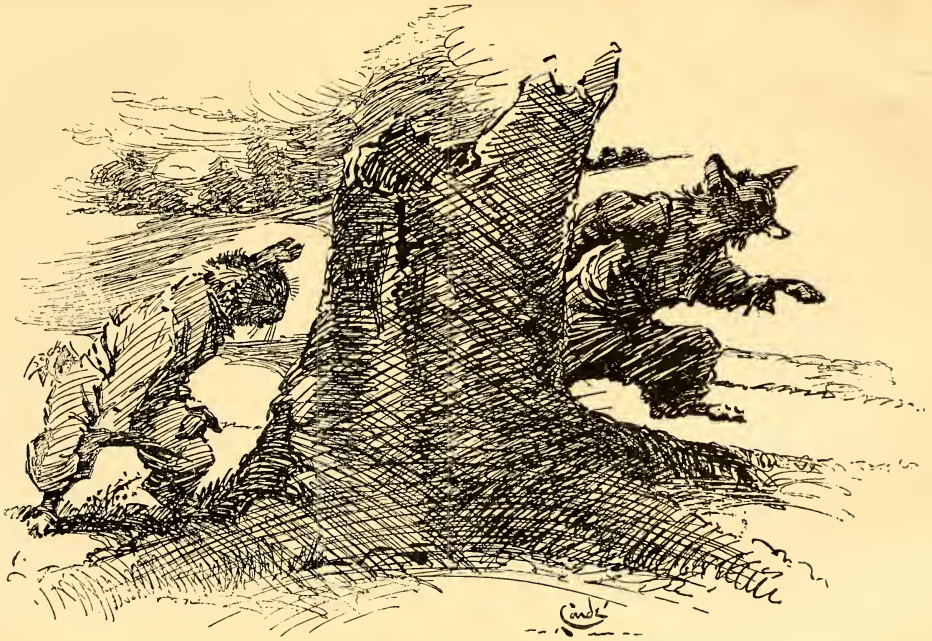
"Now, den, it takes two ter make a bargain, an' one mo' fer ter see dat it's done all right. Brer Rabbit, he know mighty well — none better — all de gwines-on in dat part er de country, an' he make his 'rangerments 'cordin'. He been use ter keepin' his eye-

ball skunt when all 'uz peace, but when dey wuz any trouble ahead, he wuz so nervious dat he'd kick out wid his behime foot ef a weed tickled 'im. When it come down ter plain nerviousness, he can't be beat.

"Brer Fox can't make a move but what Brer Rabbit would know 'bout it; he know'd when he went out an' when he went in, an' he keep sech a close watch on um dat 'twuz e'en about all he kin do fer ter keep Brer Fox fum ketchin' 'im. Atter so long a timer Brer Rabbit got tired er leadin' dis kinder life. He could 'a' put up wid it maybe a fortnight, but when it run over dat, he go, plum' tired, Brer Rabbit did. Yit it look like dat luck wuz constant a-runnin' his way, kaze he ain't been dodgin' roun' in de bushes, tryin' fer ter keep out'n Brer Fox's way — he ain't been doin' dis mo' dan a week, when dere come word fum ol' King Lion fer go an' see 'im. It seem like de place

whar he stuck de brier in his han' wuz kyo'd up too quick, an' had done turn inter a bile — a great big un — an' it got so dat de King had ter walk de flo' all night des like yo' pappy use ter do when he had de toofache.

"Well, Brer Rabbit ain't no sooner git de word dan he run right straight ter de place whar dey done der kingin' at, an' 'taint take 'im long, needer, kaze I let you know, honey, when Brer Rabbit take a notion fer ter go anywhar right quick, he des picks up de miles wid his feet an' draps um off ag'in, des like a dog sheds fleas. He got dar, he did, an' when he see how bad de bile wuz, he kinder shuck his head an' rub his nose des like de sho' 'nough doctors does. He ax um whyn't dey tell 'im 'bout dis when de bile 'gun ter show, an' dey say dey been huntin' fer 'im high an' low, an' dey can't fin' 'im nowhar an' nohow.



"'TWUZ E'EN ABOUT ALL HE KIN DO FER TER KEEP BRER FOX FUM KETCHIN' 'IM"

"Brer Rabbit put on his specks an' 'low, 'Tut, tut, tut! Ef dis ain't too bad! I'm fear' dey ain't but one kyo fer a place like dis. I hate might'ly ter be de 'casion er any trouble, but it look like I'm des a-bleeze ter.' King Lion kinder flinch an' frown when he hear dis, but Brer Rabbit say dat de trouble ain't for him, but fer one er his ol'-time 'quaintance. 'Ef you wa'n't de King,' he say ter de Lion, 'I'd des let you go on an' suffer, but bein' what you is, I'm bleeze ter pull ol' frien'ship up by de roots. Ef you wanter git well, you'll des hatter wrop yo' han' up in a fox-hide. Not only dat, but de hide mus' be so fresh dat it's warm.'

"Den Brer Rabbit make out he 'bout ter cry. He 'low, 'I can't b'ar ter tell my ol' frien' good-by, kaze we done had many a night tergedder, up an' down an' roun' de worl'. De sooner you gits Brer Fox here de

better — but I'll hatter ax you fer ter le' me out de back way, an' I'll go off some'ers in de woods an' wonder at de flight er time an' de changes dat de years is brung.' Den he bow ter King Lion; he say, 'De nex' time I see you yo' han' will be well, but whar will Brer Fox be?' De King he say, 'Why, I'll sen' you de kyarcass,' but Brer Rabbit say, 'No, please don't, kaze I could n't b'ar ter look at it. Des sen' it ter Miss Fox; it mought be some sort er comfort ter dat po' creetur.' "

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD IN THE WORLD

UNCLE REMUS and the little boy were returning from a long and leisurely walk in the woods. They had had a pretty good time, all things considered, and the old man was in high good humor. The little boy had an idea that the walk had been undertaken solely for his pleasure, and Uncle Remus allowed him to think so; but the truth was that it had a purpose behind it. The old negro wanted to locate some wild hogs that had long been devastating the growing stuff on the plantation. The wild hogs gave him no trouble until they began to destroy stuff that he himself had planted — watermelons and sugar-cane — and he argued from this that they were growing bolder, and that they

would have to be captured. So, on this particular day, he had set out to find where they had their headquarters, and he was successful.

The next thing would be to take the dogs and capture them one by one, taking care not to disturb the hogs that came up to be fed every evening, when the hog-feeder began to call. The two companions — the old man and the little lad — had started out immediately after dinner, and dusk was falling when they returned. But neither one was weary; they had gone leisurely along, stopping occasionally to talk about the interesting things they saw, and resuming their walk whenever Uncle Remus thought the child had rested long enough.

The squirrels ran noisily over the leaves that winter had flung on the ground, and went home by jumping from tree to tree; birds that the city-raised child had never

seen before, flitted in the bushes, or went hopping, or running on the ground. The little boy was interested in all of them, but the joree seemed especially to attract his attention, and he was for stopping whenever he heard a scratching in the dead leaves and trash. The joree is a very lonely bird, and you would judge that it was mortally afraid of man; but it is not so shy as its habits would lead you to believe. It is not for flying away every time it hears a noise, but will continue scratching for its food in the fence corners and under the bushes, until the observer ventures too close, and then, with a cheery little trill, it will fly away.

In its coat of black and brown and white, it is a very pretty bird. Its markings are peculiar, but nature has laid them on so that they harmonize effectively with its surroundings in wood and swamp. The en-

thusiasm of the little boy was such that Uncle Remus felt obliged to clip its wings. This he endeavored to do, not by arguing or disputing, but in a way quite characteristic.

The little boy had said over and over again that the joree, with its comical hop, back and forth, as it stirred up the leaves and trash, and its peculiar coloring, was the funniest as well as the most beautiful bird he had ever seen.

"Dat bein' de case," remarked Uncle Remus with a judicial air, "you ain't never is see de Baltimer bird."

"Oh, yes!" said the child; "don't you know you showed me the hanging nest, and told me it was the Baltimore bird? Grandmother says it is the oriole."

"She do, do she? Well, ef she sesso, I speck it's so, but you ain't gwine ketch me twis'in' my tongue 'roun' fer ter talk dat kinder outlandish talk — not me! An' I

knows dis, dat ef anybody don't wanter call dat bird de Baltimer bird, dey don't hatter. I been callin' it dat a mighty long time, ef you take one year wid an'er, an' ef it's y'ever fotch de bird any bad luck, I ain't never y'ear tell un it. I ain't gwine ter 'spute wid you, honey, 'bout de joree; in his place an' whar he b'longs at, dey ain't no better ner no purtier bird; but when it comes ter sayin' dat he's de purtiest er all de birds, why, dat's de way de lawyers talk when dey er jowerin' in de court-house. When it comes ter de purtiest bird er all de birds, she's done gone away too long ago ter talk about, an' nobody can't fin' her. She wa'n't de purtiest bird des kaze some un sesso; not her — no, suh! She wuz purty kaze all de yuther birds sesso. Dey done 'cide it — dey done 'gree ter it — an' you can't rub it out. Dey ain't wanter sesso, but dey bleeze ter do it; dey wa'n't no

gittin' 'roun' it. One bird ain't like de idee er sayin' dat any udder bird is purtier dan what she is, but dey bleeze ter do it, atter dey seen what dey seed.

"I ain't never is seed dis purty bird myse'f," the old man went on, "an' de nex' man you ax will tell you de same; but I done hear tell un 'im — ef he wuz a him. Time an' time ag'in I hear folks tell de tale — some one way an' some an'er, but it all come ter de same thing in de een' — dar wuz de tale."

"But what about the bird?" the little boy asked.

"Shucks, honey! ain't I des a-tellin' yo' dat 'twa'n't des a plain bird; you kin say dat 'bout all un um but dis un, which she wuz de purtiest bird on de face er de yeth. I'm kinder rattled 'bout de entitlements er dis yer bird, kaze it seem like dat dem what fust 'gun ter tell de tale kinder got de name

mixed up wid der own foolishness. Some call 'im de Coogly Bird, some call 'im de Cow-Cow Bird, an' some call 'im de Coo-Coo Bird — some say 'twuz a lady bird, an' den ag'in some say 'twuz a gemman bird. By good rights, she oughter been a lady bird, fum de fuss she kicked up, an' I boun' she wuz. It's des like I tell you 'bout de name, yit, call 'er what you please an' when you please, she ain't gwineter come fer yo' callin'. She'd 'a' come long ago ef callin' would 'a' fotch 'er, kaze, fum dat time ter dis, some er de yuther birds been hollin' an' callin' 'er. Dey been callin' 'er sence de day dat all de birds had der semblement des like white folks, an' niggers, too, fer dat matter, when dey wanter up an' out a man what ain't been doin' nothin' in de roun' worl' but gittin' pay fer settin' 'roun' doin' nothin'."

"Don't you mean a convention, Uncle

Remus?" inquired the lad. "Papa's gone to Atlanta to attend a convention."

"Dat 'zackly what I mean, honey, 'ceppin' dat yo' daddy oughter be right here now wid his ma. But dat's needer here ner dar, ez de man sez 'bout de flea what he ain't cotch. 'Way back yander, when de clouds wuz thicker dan what dey is now, an' when de sun ain't had ter go to bed at night ter keep fum bein' tired de nex' day, de time come when de creeturs, fur an' feather, ain't had much ter do, mo' speshually de birds. Dey flew'd 'roun', dey did, an' fed tergedder widout fightin', an' made der houses in de trees an' on de groun', an' dey wuz all des ez sociable ez you please. But atter while dey ain't had much ter do, an' when dat time come dey got ter wranglin' an' 'sputin', des like folks does now. One 'ud sail up an' say 'Howdy?' an' de yuther'd 'fuse ter 'spon', an' dar dey had it.

While de gemman birds wuz gwine on dis away, de lady birds wuz des ez busy. Dey 'sputed 'bout der feathers an' 'bout der looks twel it seem like dey wuz gwine ter be sho' 'nough war, kaze de most un um had bills an' claws.

"Atter while, dey fin' dat dis kinder doin's ain't gwine ter pay, an' so dey bowed ter one an'er, mighty perlite, an' make out dey gwine on 'bout der business. Well, dey played like dey wuz mighty busy, but dey soon git tired er dis, an' dey say ter dey-se'f dat dey'd die dead ef dey did n't run 'roun' an' have a chat wid de neighbors; an' here dey went, axin' de news, an' tellin' dat what ain't news. One say she hear dat Miss Red Bird up an' 'low dat she de purti-est er all de birds, an' dar dey had it, squall-in', chatterin', an' squealin'. De word went 'roun' an' when it come back ter whar it started, it ain't look like itse'f. 'Twuz Miss

Blue Bird, 'twuz Miss Jay Bird, 'twuz Miss Dat an' Miss T'other. It seem like dat eve'y one un um think dat she de purtiest.

"Well, suh, de 'spute got so hot dat dey had ter be sump'n done — dey wa'n't no two ways 'bout dat. Miss Wren an' Miss Blue Bird an' Miss Robin put der heads tergedder, an' ax how dey gwineter stop de 'spute. Na'er one un um 'pended on der good looks, but der havishness wuz er de best, an' dey wanted ter stop de jowerin'. Dey study an' dey study, dey talk an' dey talk, but dey ain't hit on nothin'. Little Miss Wren wuz de spryest, an' she had a slice er temper wid salt an' pepper on it. Dey talked so fast an' dey talked so long dat she wuz skeer'd she might git sorter sassy, an' she up'n say, 'Ladies, le' me make a move an' motion. Le's p'oc'astinate dis session uv our confab, kaze some un us mought say sump'n dat de yuthers won't

like. De sun gittin' mighty low anyhow; le's put off our colloguin' twel termorrer. We'll go home an' ax our ol' men what dey think, an' dey'll tell us what dey kin — you know how men folks does: dey knows eve'y-thing 'ceppin' dat dey does know, an' dat dey done fergot. Dey'll tell us, an' when we go ter bed we kin dream on it.'

"Miss Blue Bird an' Miss Robin 'low dat dis de smartest thing dey y'ever is hear, an' dey 'gree ter what little Miss Wren say. Dey put on der things an' marched off home fer ter feed de chillun an' put um ter bed. Bright an' y'early de nex' mornin' dey met at de same place, an', atter dey got over der gigglin' an' der howdy-doin', dey start up de confab whar dey lef' off. Miss Robin say she can't think uv a blessed thing. She say dat when she ax'd her ol' man 'bout it, he up an' 'low'd dat she better jine 'im in huntin' bugs fer de chillun fer ter play wid,

stidder gaddin' fum post ter pillar. An' de yuthers raise der wings, an' say, 'Well, well!' an' 'Who'd 'a' thunk it?'

"Miss Blue Bird 'low dat when she ax her ol' man 'bout it, he say she better stay at home stidder gwine 'roun' spreadin' scandaliousness thoo de neighborhood. Miss Wren kinder hunged her head like she 'shame fer ter tell 'bout her speunce. She say dat her ol' man wuz monstus sassy twel she tol' 'im dat ef he wanter change his boardin'-house he wuz mo' dan welcome. Wid dat, he whirled an' ax her why in de name er goodness don't she 'swade um fer ter have a big 'sembly er all de lady birds at some place er 'nother whar dey'll have plenty er room, whar dey kin all march 'roun' an' let somebody pick out de purtiest in de whole crowd, an' den when dat's done all de balance un um must be put under de needcessity er 'greein' ter what de

"EF HE SAY DE BUZZARD IS DE PURTIEST, DAT'S DE WAY IT GOT TER BE"

picker picks. Ef he say de owl is de purtiest, den all de yuther birds got ter sesso too; ef he say de buzzard is de purtiest, dat's de way it got ter be.

"'La, me!' sez Miss Robin, 'did you y'ever hear de beat?' Miss Blue Bird 'low, 'Now, ain't dat des like a man!' You may not b'lieve it, but de three tuck up wid de idee, an' when dey talked it over wid de balance er de lady birds, all un um say it's des fine, an' dey tuck up wid it quicker dan a cat kin smell a mackerel layin' on de shelf. De funny thing 'bout de whole business wuz dat dey had ter have two 'semblements."

"That certainly was funny," said the little boy, so seriously that Uncle Remus closed his eyes and sighed. He never could reconcile himself to the fact that a little child could be almost as old-fashioned as a grown person.

"Yasser!" the old man continued, "dey had two 'semblements. De 'greement wuz dat all de lady birds, er all kin's an' color, wuz ter be dar, an' all wuz ter march by de place whar de one dey had chosen fer ter pick out de purtiest wuz ter be settin' at. De one dey choosened wuz ol' Brer Rabbit, so dat de sayin' mought come true —

> 'When you choosen a creetur,
> Des shun de bird-eater.'

In dem days, de doctor done tol' Brer Rabbit dat de best eatin' fer him wuz honey-an'-clover an' sweet barley, an' he wuz stickin' to dat kinder doin's. When de time come fer de fust 'semblement, Brer Rabbit wuz right on de spot, wid a fresh plug er terbacker, an' a pocketful er honey-bee clover. De birds all come, des like dey say dey would, an' when some un motioned ter Brer Rabbit fer ter say de word, dey 'gun ter march 'roun' an' 'roun', one by

one, an' two by two. Dey ain't been marchin' long 'fo' Brer Rabbit shuck his head an' sot down ag'in.

" 'La, Brer Rabbit!' dey say, 'what de matter? We er all here; whyn't you pick out de purtiest? We ain't gwine ter peck yo' eyes out.' 'I dunno so well 'bout dat,' sez ol' Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'You say you er all here, but ef I got my two eyes you ain't all here. No, ladies! You'll hatter skusen me!' an', wid dat, he riz up, he did, an' make sech a nice bow dat ol' Miss Swamp Owl's mouf 'gun ter water. Dey say, 'Lawsy mussy! Who's missin'?'

"Brer Rabbit he 'low, 'Whar Miss Coo-Coo Bird? I put on my specks, but I can't see 'er. Is she 'roun' here any whar's?' Dey looked all 'roun', in de corners, an' under de bushes whar anybody mought hide, but dey ain't fin' de Coo-Coo Bird. An' a mighty good reason, kaze she wa'n't

dar, le' um hunt whar dey would an' s'arch whar dey might. Den Brer Rabbit up an' 'low, 'Ladies, all, we bleeze ter p'oc'astinate dish yer 'semblement, an' put it off twel you kin sen' word ter de Coo-Coo Bird, kaze you can't do nothin' 'tall widout 'er. She got ter be in, er she won't bide by de choosement. You des bleeze ter git her in ef you gwine ter stop de 'sputin'. Dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat.'

"Den dey all 'gun ter look at one an'er, an' giggle, an' make a great 'miration 'bout how sharp Brer Rabbit wuz. Some say dat dey don't think dat de Coo-Coo Bird is wuff foolin' wid, kaze she ain't no great shakes, nohow, but dey bleeze ter have her in de crowd when de 'semblement 'sembles, kaze dey ain't no yuther way fer ter stop de jowerin'. All de birds wuz bleeze ter be dar.

"Well, time went on just like it do now;

ef dey wuz any diffunce, meal-time came a right smart sooner den dan it do now. Endurin' de time 'twix' de' semblement what hatter be called off, an' de nex' un dat wuz ter come, de lady birds had a scrumptious time. Dey went callin' on der neighbors, an' dem dat dey ain't fin' at home dey'd hunt up. Dey wuz mo' backbitin' dan you could shake a stick at, an' de chatter went on so long an' so loud, dat you could n't hear yo' own y'ears. Miss Peafowl called on Brer Rabbit, an' axed how she wuz gwine ter come out in de parade, an' Brer Rabbit say dat she'd have a mighty good chance ef 'twan't fer her footses an' her scaly legs. He 'low dat ef she come dar wid dem, she won't have no show a tall, an' dar dey had it, up an' down. An' 'twuz de same way wid all un um; dey tried fer ter make ol' Brer Rabbit, which he wuz gwine fer ter be de judge, look at um thoo dey own eyes.

"While all dis wuz goin' on, dey wuz huntin' up de Coo-Coo Bird, an' atter so long a time dey foun' her right whar dey moughter foun' her at fust, stayin' at home an' lookin' atter de house-keepin'. But 'twuz a mighty quare thing 'bout de Coo-Coo Bird: she ain't got a rag er cloze ter 'er back. Whar de feathers oughter been dey wa'n't nothin' but a little bit er downy fuzz. When dey fin' 'er, dey say, 'Whyn't you come ter de 'semblement, whar dey gwineter choosen de purtiest er all de bird tribe?' She 'low, 'La, I got sump'n else ter do sides tryin' ter fin' out who de purtiest; an', mo' dan dat, how I gwineter come when I ain't got no cloze ter w'ar? No, ma'am! You'll hatter skusen me! Go on an' parade on yo' Bullyfard, an' I'll parade at home.'

"Dey try ter tell 'er dat dey bleeze ter have her dar, so dey'll all be sachified, but she shuck her head, and went on cleanin'

her house. Dey 'swaded, an' dey 'swaded, an' bimeby she say dat ef dey'll loan her some cloze among um, she'll go; ef dey don't, well an' good — she won't budge a step. An' so dar 'twuz. Well, all de yuther birds kinder collogued tergedder, an' dey say dey better loan her some cloze. Dey went 'roun' an' got a feather fum eve'y bird, an' fum some un um two. Ol' Miss Ost'ich know'd she ain't stan' no chance in de parade wid her bony neck an' long legs, an' she sont de Coo-Coo Bird a bunch er de purtiest feathers you ever is lay eyes on.

"When de time come fer de 'semblement, Miss Coo-Coo wuz dar, an' dressed up fit ter kill; an' when dey all 'gun ter march, she wuz at de head er de crowd, an' stepped along ez gaily ez you please. Well, dey wan't no two ways 'bout it, Miss Coo-Coo wuz way yander de purtiest er de whole gang. De way she look, de way she walk,

de way she hol' 'erse'f, de way she bow an' s'lute um all — eve'ything put 'er in de front place. Brer Rabbit stood up, he did, an' wave his han', an' dey all stop still. Den he say dat dey ain't no doubt an' no s'picions but what Miss Coo-Coo Bird wuz de purtiest er all de birds, an' dey all 'gree wid 'im. Den dey wuz ter have a dance, but 'fo' de music struck up, Miss Coo-Coo say dey must please excusin' her, an' wid dat, she slip inter de bushes an' wuz gone — done gone! Gone fer good, an' dey ain't nobody seed her fum dat day ter dis, less'n maybe ol' Brer Rabbit, an' he ain't tellin' nobody 'bout it.

"De yuther birds hunt fer 'er, but dey can't fin' 'er, an' deyer huntin' plum twel yit, huntin' eve'ywhar, an' a-callin' ez dey hunt. Dey do say dat when de big owl hollas, he ain't axin' 'Who cooks fer you-all?' He's sayin', 'Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo!

whar you at?' an' de turtle-dove hollars, 'Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo, Coo-Coo! Coo-Coo-oo!' an' e'en down ter de rooster callin' out 'fo' day, an' all thoo de night, 'Please fetch my feather back!' An' so dar you is! Coo-Coo Bird done flew'd away, an' all de yuther birds huntin' fer 'er. An' dey tells me," remarked Uncle Remus, after a pause, "dat when folks think de birds is pickin' deyse'f an' straightenin' out der feathers, dey ain't doin' nothin' in de roun' worl' but seein' ef de one what dey loaned de Coo-Coo Bird is done growed back."

The little boy made no comment, but seemed to be waiting for the story to end. The old negro threw his head back, and in a sing-song tone made this announcement:—

"Jig-a-ma-rig, an' a jig-a-ma-ree!
Dat's all de tale dat 'uz tol' ter me!"

UNCLE REMUS FALLS A VICTIM TO THE MUMPS

DURING the recent bad spell of weather Uncle Remus has been missing, but everybody about the "Constitution" office had concluded that his absence was due to a frequently expressed intention to take better care of himself hereafter. Yesterday, however, the well-known thump of his walking-cane was heard upon the stair, and the young men in the editorial room hastily adopted a plan suggested by the agricultural editor to pretend that they had entirely forgotten the old man.

When he opened the door, therefore, everybody was busily engaged in reading or writing. The office boy, however, who

seems to be oblivious to all schemes of amusement save those which culminate in a pass to a minstrel entertainment, frustrated the plan by exclaiming as the colored sage entered:—

"Goodness! look at Uncle Remus!"

The old man's head was enveloped in several folds of red flannel, a huge woolen comforter was wrapped around his neck, and the expansive collar of his overcoat was turned up and closely buttoned. His appearance was a sufficient excuse for the exclamation of the boy.

As a usual thing, when Uncle Remus comes in there is an air of conciliation about him quite impossible to define, but yesterday he appeared to be indignant as well as disgusted. The young men attacked him with a running fire of raillery, but he scorned to make reply. Finally, the agricultural editor, who had been composing

a paragraph about flowers, turned around and remarked:—

"Well, here you are! What have you been up to now?"

"Hush!" exclaimed another of the young men in a loud whisper. "Don't trouble him; wait until he gets sober!"

"Sho'ly hit ain't come down ter dat pass," said Uncle Remus, moving his feet uneasily, "dat a cripple nigger like me can't creep up yer an' squot down 'fo' de fier ter git de fros' off'n his han's 'less he up'n make a speech."

"Oh, you be fiddled!" flung out the agricultural editor somewhat testily; "can't anybody inquire about your health?"

"Wuz you axin' 'bout my healt' boss?" replied Uncle Remus, relaxing a little; "kaze ef you wuz den I ain't got none. You all young mens des better dip de een' er yo' finger in de pas'e-pot, an' go on wid yo'

eddity wuks, tellin' folks de news. You ain't got no time fer ter be foolin' 'longer no ole nigger like me."

Uncle Remus had no idea that he was hurling a gall-tipped javelin into the editorial camp, but the evident discomfiture of the young men caused him to thaw out a little, and he even went so far as to give vent to a half-smothered chuckle.

"What has been the matter with you?" the agricultural editor asked.

"I'm gwine tell you de nakid troof, boss," said the old man, with a sigh that ended in a deep groan. "I bin sick — I bin mighty sick. I disremember de time when I bin enny mo' sicker dan what I bin endurin' er dis pas' mont'. Hit done got so now," Uncle Remus went on, "dat no epidemy don't strike de town dat it don't light right spang bang onter me an' tromple me down. Year er two gone by hit wuz de

measles, an' now, bless gracious! hit's de mumps."

This announcement was the signal for a chorus of derisive laughter from the young men, but Uncle Remus, having become good-humored, was undisturbed. He rubbed his hands together and gazed into the grate with a quizzical expression that seemed to linger somewhere very near the edge of melancholy.

"Hit's des like I tell you," he continued after awhile. "Little while ago de measles, an' now de mumps. Nex' time you year fum me I'll be breakin' out wid de rash, an' den atter dat I'll hatter git in winter-quarters an' cut some new toofies. When er nigger what done stan' flat-footed an' seed nigh onter eighty year go by git strucken wid de mumps, den hit done got time fer ter lay in doctor truck by de kyar-load. Ain't you never bin cotch up wid, wid de mumps, boss?"

"Not that I know of," responded the agricultural editor in a matter-of-fact way. "How do they break out?"

"Well, den, ef you ain't never had um, boss, you don't wanter be breshin' up 'gin me, kaze deze yere kin' what strucken me, deyer owdacious mumps — deyer scannerlous mumps. I year talk dat some folks ain't have no mo' dan one mump, but deze yere what I got, deyer twinses, an' dey cotch holt er me like dey done bin practus on some yuther nigger dat got mo' strenk dan what I is. You sees me sittin' yer now, but ef you'd er seed me las' Chuseday wuz er week, you'd er hilt up yo' han's an' ax ef dat wuz de same Remus. Deyer sorter swunk up an' swage down, now," continued the old man, feeling his jaws suspiciously, "but dey tracks is dar yit."

"How did they come?"

"Hit 'uz des 'bout de time er dat fus'

snow what we had, an' I wuz eatin' my dinner what Miss Sally done put up whar dem yuther niggers can't git it, when I year 'er holler fum de dinin'-room fer me ter make has'e dar an' clean up de snow what done pile up on de front steps. Dat make me wuk my jaws mo' livelier, an' right den an' dar sump'n look like it hurted me in de naberhoods er dé burr er de year, up dar whar de jaw-bone hinge at, an' I say ter myse'f, I boun' I done gone an' cotch up wid de uraljy fum Marse John, which many's de time I year 'im marchin' up an' down de flo' like he drillin' er whole comp'ny er mens. Fus' my jaw hurted, an' den ag'in hit ain't. An' atter I done lick up de vittles, I goes an' I shovels off de snow, an' den I hustles in ter de fier, an' whiles I wuz settin' dar toas'n' my shins, I puts my han' dar behime my year, an' she feel so tender, hit make me flinch. Dis wuz de beginnin's.

"Nex' mawnin', when I goes ter git up, look like dey's er crick in my neck, an' I feel er my jaw, an', bless yo' soul! dey wuz er lump growin' in dar, 'twix' de bone an' de grizzle, mos' big ez er scaly-bark. Dat sorter skeer me, kaze hit look like wunner deze yer widenin' wens done gone ter house-keepin' 'long wid me. But I ain't sayin' nothin', an' de nex' mawnin' dey wuz er n'er one sproutin' in de t'er jaw. Dish yer sorter tuck de stiff'nin' outen me, an' right atter bre'k'us I goes an' I lays de case 'fo' Miss Sally."

Here Uncle Remus paused, reflected a moment, laughed loudly, and continued in a tone of undisguised admiration: —

"Dat 'oman! ef she ain't de out-doinist white 'oman 'twix' dis an' de Nunited State, den I'm ain't name Remus. I went in dar an' I tell Miss Sally 'bout dem wens, an' she drap 'er sewin' an' rustle pas' me. An' den

I year 'er in de pantry. Den she rustle back an' shet de do' an' stan' up 'g'in' it. An' den she tuck er knife an' gun ter peel er great big yaller lemon. Dar I stan', an' dar she stan'. She peel, an' I look at 'er — she peel, an' I look at 'er. Atter she done peel it, she tuck'n tu'n it 'roun' an' 'roun' an' look at it. An' den what in de name er goodness you speck dat white 'oman do? Des ez sholy ez I'm settin' yer, Miss Sally tuck'n cut er great big slishe off'n dat lemon an' put it in 'er mouf, an', boss, right dar's whar I caved. De peelin' I could stan', but when I see Miss Sally put dat slishe er lemon in 'er mouf, an' when I year 'er chomp down on it, hit look like ter me dat my jaw'd drap off spite er all I could do. Miss Sally, she ain't bat 'er eye, but I stood dar, I did, an' slobbered at de mouf same ez wunner dese mules what bin eatin' rack-weed. An' den on top er dat when hit seem like she

done wid 'er prankin', out she go, she do, an' yer she come wid wunner dese yer great long cowcumber pickle, an' she chaw dat up, an' den she wipe 'er han's on 'er ap'on, an' she up'n say, sez she: —

"'Why, you ole Hayshun! You got de mumps!' sez she; an' den she tell me dat ef I don't git in my own house an' stay dar she'll have me slapt in de callyboose, an' den she shove 'er han's in 'er ap'on pocket, an' I knows when she do dat she talkin' wid de bark on.

"I raise Miss Sally fum er gal," concluded Uncle Remus, "but ef she don't bang my time, den I done los' my way."

UNCLE REMUS'S VIEWS ON CHURCH COLLECTIONS

THE Reverend Jeems Henry preaches to a large colored congregation in Atlanta, and he is not only respected by his own race, but by the whites as well. He is energetic, persistent and devout, and in the midst of it all, he manages to keep an eye on Uncle Remus, in whose spiritual welfare he manifests great interest. Uncle Remus is many years older than the Reverend Jeems Henry and his attitude toward the preacher is one of paternal respect. The old man, however, is accustomed to listen to the lectures of his young friend with an air of listless and patient indifference which, when Uncle Remus's restless and fiery disposition is taken into consideration, is the next thing

to dramatic art of a very high order — if dramatic art lies anywhere in the neighborhood of simulation. Recently the two met on a street corner. Brother Jeems Henry was going forth upon a mission connected with the church, while Uncle Remus was gazing anxiously at the cloudy skies.

"Bless you, Brother Remus!" exclaimed the preacher by way of salutation. "How you come on this mighty long time?"

"Middlin', Brer Jeems Henry — des middlin'. I'm some'er's 'twix' de po'-house an' de doctor-shop, yit I'm glad fum my heart dat 'tain't no wuss."

"That's what I tells 'em all, Brother Remus. They ought to be thankful for what they've got. I hope soon to see you workin' in the vineyard, Brother Remus. The harvest is waitin' an' the labor few."

"Dat so, Brer Jeems Henry; I stan's wid you dar, sho. But de mo'est w'at er ole

cripple nigger lak me kin do dish yer kinder wedder is ter set down an' wait fer water-million time."

"All the same, Brother Remus, the Marster's work is got to be done."

"I ain't 'sputin' dat, Brer Jeems Henry, an' I ain't gwineter 'spute it — kaze when I sees you peradin' 'roun', an' promernadin' up an' down wid yo' stan'in' collar er stickin' up, an' yo' stove-pipe hat er shinin', an' yo' black frock coat er floppin', den it seem like ter me I done miss my callin'."

"How is that, Brother Remus?"

"Hit's des dis away, Brer Jeems Henry. When my bag er meal run dry, an' my little rasher er bacon disrepear fum de cubberd, whar I gwine git any mo' 'ceppin' I sail out an' scuffle 'roun' atter it? An' yit, ef I wuz stoopin' up'erds in yo' shoes, Brer Jeems Henry, dey ain't kin be much uv er scuffle."

"How so, Brother Remus?" asked the preacher with an uneasy smile.

"Monst'us easy, Brer Jeems Henry, monst'us easy. I'd 'ten' de speunce meetin', lak ternight, an' let drap er hint, an' den I'd 'ten' de pr'ar meetin', lak day atter termorrer night, an' let drap er ne'er hint. By Sunday meetin' time de scheme 'ud be plum ripe, an' den I'd rise up an' rap de congergation ter order, an' line out 'Ye livin' mens, come view de groun''; an' und' kivver er dat, I'd sen' 'roun' de conterbution plate, an' I boun' you, de nex' time folks come visitin' 'roun' me, dey'd be er bag er meal, an' er rasher er bacon, an' er jug er 'lasses in de cubberd. Dat dey would, honey."

"You doin' us both injustice when you talk in that style, Brother Remus," said the preacher.

"Ter de contraries er dat, Brer Jeems

Henry," responded Uncle Remus, "I ain't mix bofe un us up in it. I des bin tellin' you 'bout de pogrance what er no 'count ole nigger name Remus would er laid out, pervidin' dat his streak er luck had er bin de lenk an' breadt' er yo'n."

At this point, Brother Jeems Henry concluded to change the subject.

"Well, I wish you'd come down to class-meetin' next Sunday, Brother Remus. A lady from Liberia is expected to make a little talk. She's at my house now, an' you might come down an' get acquainted with her."

"Bless yo' soul, Brer Jeems Henry! my 'omanin' days is done gone. I seen de time, an' 'tain't bin so mighty long 'go, n'er, when I'd des jump at de chanst fer ter call on dish yer lady, an' hit'd er done yo' heart good fer ter see me sidlin' 'roun' 'er lak er blue pidgin on top er de barn; but dat time

done pas' an' gone. Ain't dish yer lady," continued the old man — "ain't dish yer lady got er 'scription paper 'long wid 'er?"

"I don't know if she ain't, Brother Remus," replied Brother Jeems Henry, after a pause.

"Ah-yi! dat what I 'lowed. She got er 'scription paper, an' she hail fum some s'ciety er ne'er, 'way off yan', what nobody ain't nuvver year talk un, an' she'll git up dar befo' you all wid er bo'quet er coffee weeds an' pepper pods, an' she'll natally intrance you wid de niceness er dat country; an' den, lo an' beholes, bimeby she'll out wid dat 'scription paper, an' she'll up'n say dat bein' ez how dem folks 'cross dar gittin' on mighty po'ly wid der coffee weeds an' der pepper pods, she hope an' trus' dat ev'ybody'll fling in sump'n ef 'tain't nuffin' but er thrip; an' den Brer Rastus'll slap his han' ter his jaw an' raise de chune,

an' de money'll rattle an' jingle, an' de nex' town w'at de lady'll strak', she'll hit it wid er bran' new bonnet. No use ter tell me, Brer Jeems Henry. I done bin dar. I done bin seasoned wid um."

Brother Jeems Henry here consulted an immense silver watch, while Uncle Remus went on:—

"No, Brer Jeems Henry; ef you see dat lady, en she ax atter me by name, you up'n tell 'er dat I sont 'er howdy, but don't go no fudder; des take yo' stan' 'pun dat. Den ef she take'n press de question, take off yo' hat an' tell 'er dat whiles you wuz roamin' 'roun' you met up wid er ole nigger what got mo' gray ha'rs dan he is money, an' dis ole nigger he up'n 'lowed, he did, dat ef 'tain't no fudder fum de meetin'-house ter de chicken-coop in dat Liberious country dan what 'tis in dish yer Nunited State er Georgy, den dey's lots er trouble all

'roun' de worril. Gun 'er dat, an' let er go."

As the preacher, smiling in spite of himself, turned to go forth upon his mission, he was followed by the sonorous voice of Uncle Remus: —

"Put my name in yo' pra'rs, Brer Jeems Henry!"

UNCLE REMUS'S POLITICAL THEORIES

"THIS looks like spring," said one of the young men of the editorial staff as Uncle Remus ambled into the "Constitution" office with a basket of poke salad on his arm. The old man smiled a serious smile as he deposited his basket and his bundles on the floor.

"Hit's bar'ly a glimpse, boss, but hit'll make de ole 'oman 'member dat hit's 'bout time fer ter russle 'roun' an' look atter her collard patch."

Thereupon the old man sat down upon the coal-box, took off his hat, fished a bandanna from its depths and proceeded to mop his face. He was evidently in a reflective mood. Finally he said:—

"I year Marse John readin' ter Miss

Sally dat dey er kickin' up a monst'us racket up dar in Conguss stidder bein' ter home wukkin' 'longside dere neighbors. Hit de same ole rumpus, ain't it boss, dat bin gwine on ever sence de fa'min' days wuz over?"

"Yes; exactly the same."

The old man chuckled complacently, shifted his feet around, and went on:—

"De nigger in de wood-pile — dey put 'im in dar, an' now dey dunno how ter git 'im out. Dey fling de wood fus' on one side de fence an' den on de udder, an' den dey hove it 'roun' de yard, but de nigger he in dar, an' dar he gwineter stay. Hit's my idee dat he ain't playin' no fav'rites dis season."

"Well, at any rate, the negroes are still in politics," remarked one of the young men.

"Dey mout be, an' den ag'in dey mout n't," replied Uncle Remus, "but dey ain't

er votin' wid de looseness dat dey useter. Deyer gittin' sorter stuck up 'bout dere prevalidges, dese niggers is. Ez fer me, I done fin' out what my politics is, an' I'm er stickin' unto um same ez er rusty-back lizard ter de sunny side uv er fence-rail."

"Well, how do you stand, Uncle Remus?"

"You see, boss, hit like dis: Er man what I dunno fum Adam's saddle-hoss come 'long an' say, 'Look yer, ole man, dish yer fight's er fight whar yo' intrust is mixt up. Hit's yo' bounden duty ter vote wid de ripublikins, kaze de white folks'll have you strung back up inter slave'y 'fo' you kin bat yo' eyes.' Dat what de man say.

"Den I ax Marse John how he make it all out, an' Marse John, he say, 'Remus, you villianous ole sinner, dar's er pot er greens an' er pone er co'n-bread out dar in de kitchin waitin' fer you. I ain't got no time fer ter talk politics now.' But, bless

yo' heart an' soul, honey, dar wuz mo' politics in dat pot er greens an' dat 'ar pone er co'n-bread dan what I ever is seed 'roun' de cote-house when de niggers wuz rampin' 'roun' votin' fer folks what dey ain't know 'ceppin' 'longside er hearsay.

"Hit don't make no diffunce wid me whicherways er man draps his argyments when he's er browsin' 'roun' on de aidges, but when he git down ter business, he des gotter rub sumpin' under my nose what smell like Marse John's pot er greens an' Miss Sally's biled ham.

"De argyment what got er smoke-house an' er hot stove at de udder een' un it — dat de argyment what'll fetch me."

UNCLE REMUS DISCUSSES THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE MULE

I YEAR Miss Sally readin' dis mawnin' 'bout er man what went an' git his face smashed wid er mule," said Uncle Remus to the agricultural editor. "I disremembers de name, but de paper say de mule come mighty nigh gittin' in his bes' licks."

"Cadle is the man's name," he was told.

"Dat de identikil name. I tuck'n tole Miss Sally den dat I speck he wuz er w'ite man, an' a mule's sump'n er nigger ain't got no business foolin' longer, let 'lone er white man. White man kin l'arn joggerfy an' 'rethmetic, an' all dat, but 'tain't in de co'se er nater fer 'im fer ter l'arn de mule. An' hit's mighty few niggers dat gits er mule by heart.

"On Marse John's place in Putmon

county, I plow'd er gray mule mighty nigh six year, an' at de ve'y las' minnit, she retched out her lef' behime foot an' picked er brass bre's'-pin offen my cloze. An' yit I had my eye peeled fer dat mule endurin' er de whole blessid time.

" 'Twa'n't long atter dat I wuz sorter strucken wid de pl'u'sy, an' er smart-Elleck nigger got holt er my mule. He put de gear on 'er an' lipt on ter 'er back fer ter ride 'er ter de new groun'. Leastways, dat what he 'lowed, but he didn' git outen de lot gate."

"Why not? What was the matter?" asked the agricultural editor.

"You ax Marse John, an' he'll tell yer dat right den an' dar he lose er sev'm hunderd dollar nigger."

"How was that?"

"De ex'bition wuz mighty private. Dar wa'n't no great to-do. Hit all tuk place jes' 'fo' day in de mawnin'. De overseer, he

wuz stan'in' at de gate watchin' de han's pass, an' he say he year er little noise in de lot, what soun' lak somebody er scufflin' an' er scramblin'. When he went fer ter zammin inter de racket, he fine de smart-Elleck what I wuz tellin' you 'bout doubled up under de troff, all mixed up wid de britchin', an' er trace-chain wropped all 'roun' 'im."

"Where was the mule?"

"Oh, de mule! Dat mule wuz fas' asleep. She done gone an' fergit all 'bout de 'musement. 'Peared lak it mout er happen de year befo' fer all she knowed 'bout it."

"Was the colored man really dead?"

"Dat what dey say, an' he ain't never 'sputed it yit, an' dat bin nigh on ter mo' 'n thirty year ago. Don't tell me! I knows 'bout dese mules. White folks better keep out'n dere way, an' ef er nigger ain't mighty perlite in 'is movemints, dey'll ketch him. I'm er talkin' gospil now."

UNCLE REMUS TALKS OF HARD TIMES AND "SUNSHINE NIGGERS"

UNCLE REMUS and old man Plato met recently at the Atlanta passenger depot and compared notes.

"Dese is mighty hard times, Brer Remus."

"You'er whoopin' now, honey; an' deyer gittin' harder. De man dat gits er dollar dese days is got ter onlimber hisse'f, sho's you bawn. He's got ter git 'roun' same ez ef he wuz at er camp-meetin' rastle."

"Dat what I calls knockin' at de front do'," said old Uncle Plato, by way of expressing his hearty assent.

"De time done come, Brer Plato," continued Uncle Remus, "when niggers ain't got none de 'vantage er po' white folks. Some un um, I notices, kin set in de sun an'

git fat, but wid me hit's a scuffle an' er scramble fum day's een' ter day's een', an' I'm monst'us glad when night come ef I got er slice er bacon rine fer ter grease my stummik wid."

"Some er dese yer niggers, Brer Remus, what stan's 'roun' an' suns deyse'f look lak dat dey got rich kinfolks some'rs."

"No use fer ter lose no sleep 'bout dem kinfolks, Brer Plato. Ef 'twan't for dese sunshine niggers, de chain gang would n't be able fer ter dig er pos'-hole. Hit 'ud be mighty nigh ez weak ez de toddy what Marse John mix fer de baby. Niggers don't fatten on no sunshine. When you wakes des 'fo' day an' year de hens er cacklin' an' er squallin', you kin des put it down dat one er dese yere sunshine niggers is makin' his livin', an' ef er p'leeceman happin fer sa'nter up, dar's ernudder candydit fer de chain gang."

"You'er chawin' govunment terbacker now, Brer Remus," responded Uncle Plato approvingly.

THE END

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